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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

Everybody knows that between Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill the friendship is closer and more intimate than usually subsists between colleagues in a Government. They are both some ten years younger than Mr. Lloyd George, and they may well be looking a little ahead. The Prime Minister has compressed into the last five years the mental and physical exertion of a lifetime: no man can draw on his vital capital so largely without feeling the draught. We always prophesied that Mr. Lloyd George would end as a Tory marquess; and it is not impossible that he is contemplating a change of air and scene in the gilded chamber. Taking their observations of the sun, the Lord Chancellor and the War Secretary may be preparing to change the ship's course.

It is, of course, true that the Coalition as formed in 1915 by Mr. Asquith, and re-formed in 1916 by Mr. Lloyd George, was a War Party. But at the General Election of December, 1918, it was a peace party, which was to give Mr. Lloyd George a whacking majority to back him up at the Peace Conference. Although the Prime Minister has been freely abused by the Asquithian Liberals for his *Coupon d'état*, and although his speeches during the elections were deplorable, he took a wiser course than President Wilson. So far as a freely elected House of Commons can be said to represent a nation, Mr. Lloyd George certainly represented Great Britain at Paris. But Mr. Wilson knew that he had a majority against him in both Houses of Congress, and took no steps to secure their assent or ask their advice. The result is before us—America was not present at the signing of the Treaty last Saturday.

But it may be argued that the Coalition was formed, first, to win the war, and, second, to sign the peace. Now that both those objects have been attained, the Coalition is *functus officio*: it has done its work; let it depart. This would probably be more widely admitted if the admission did not mean a sentence of death to more than half the House of Commons. The main question with us is, How would another General Election improve the composition of the present House of Commons? We don't care twopence for programmes,

and planks, and tickets. The important point is, What manner of men sit in Parliament, and make our laws? The present House of Commons is composed of decent, moderate men, most of them with goods laid up, and something therefore to lose by a general *bouleversement*. Why should we exchange them for a new set of men, in which there would certainly be a large proportion of Labour agitators, and Socialists of every brand, from Fabians to Bolsheviks?

It is no wonder that Brigadier-General Page Croft is angry at the prospect of Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill calmly appropriating the name National Party. But there is no property or copyright in a name; and "national," like "patriotic," is part of the slang or cant of politics. Every party claims to be national, and uses the word in its manifestoes and speeches. Nevertheless man is so completely the slave of sounds that National Party is a good name, and the Brigadier ought to get something for it. But between two picaresque heroes of the metal of the Lord Chancellor and the War Secretary, we fear that the Brigadier will be robbed, and that he is indeed like Issachar, "a strong ass couching down between two burdens."

It is one thing to sign peace: another thing to ensue it. As soon as the signing was over M. Clemenceau said, "The protocol and ratification of the Treaty concluded between the powers of the Entente and Germany are signed. From this moment, the Treaty comes into force, and it will be executed in all its clauses. The sitting is at an end." Grim, ominous, ungracious words, boding not peace, but a sword. Was there a man who heard them and believed that the Treaty would be "executed in all its clauses"? Mr. Lloyd George, who must have awakened by this time from his election dream, cannot have believed it, nor any of the experts, though it is their misplaced ingenuity that spun out the impossible indemnities. Mr. Wilson, repudiated by his Senate, has retired to chew the cud of idealism. Only the old Tiger, in his grey gloves, with half-closed eyes, hugs the delusion that he has crushed his enemy for ever.

We are about to witness the spectacle of Central and Eastern Europe being handed over to some twenty-four international mixed bodies, called commissions.

As each commission has on an average seven members, with an attendant army of clerks and secretaries, the reign of the official is likely to be expensive and prolonged. Under the treaty of Versailles the following Commissions must be appointed forthwith: 1. To determine the new frontier between Germany and Belgium. 2. To trace the frontiers of the Saar Basin. 3. To govern the Saar Basin. 4. To apportion the rolling stock in the Saar Basin. 5. To administer the province of the Central Rhine. 6. To delimit the frontiers of Czecho-Slovakia. 7. To determine the boundaries between Germany and Poland. 8. To superintend the evacuation of Upper Silesia and take over government. 9. To take over East Prussia after evacuation. 10. To administer the plebiscite area of Stuhm Rosenberg and Marienburg.

We pause to take breath and continue: 11. For the delimitation of the Free City of Danzig. 12. To take the plebiscite in Sleswig. 13. To determine the boundaries of Sleswig. 14. To reduce the German Army, fortifications and armaments. 15. The Naval Commission. 16. The Air Force Commission. 17. Repatriation Commission. 18. Clearance of debts Commission. 19. Insurances Commission. 20. Elbe Commission, for the navigation and management. 21. Oder Commission. 22. Niemen Commission. 23. Danube Commission. 24. The Reparation Commission, greatest of all these, to manage the task of skinning Germany alive for the next thirty years, or in perpetuity. In addition to the above twenty-four Commissions, there is to be set up an International Labour Office, and a Permanent Court of International Justice. How long will this vast cobweb of international officials endure? Until the next war, possibly. When that will be we don't know: but we advise the Commissioners and their secretaries and their stenographers to "touch their appointments" as soon as they can.

The Great War, which we fought, not to put down militarism, or to make the world safe for democracy,—Englishmen are not quite such fools as that—but to save our skins and our shores, has been won by national armies, staffed and generally by distinguished professional soldiers. The Great Peace has been made by democratic politicians, assisted by expert officials, and will in a few years be derided as a monument of perfidy, greed, and vindictiveness. And yet we were told by newspapers and parliaments that open democratic diplomacy was about to undo the wicked work of secret aristocratic diplomacy. Just a hundred and five years ago a small body of diplomatists met in Vienna to reconstruct the Europe which twenty years of war with Napoleon had devastated and confused. Making allowance for the difference in population and wealth, (chiefly in mines and machinery), we doubt whether proportionately the damage wrought by Napoleon was less than the damage done by the Germans to Belgium and France. Napoleon had overrun and occupied Spain, the Netherlands, Prussia, Austria, and Italy, and had marched to Moscow and back.

The Congress of Vienna sat for ten months, concluding its labours the day after Waterloo, and settled a peace which lasted forty years. No indemnity was exacted from France, and some of her colonies, taken by the British Navy, were restored to her. The chief authors of that Treaty were Castlereagh, Metternich, and Talleyrand, undeniable aristocrats. The Paris Conference has been at work for over a year, and has not begun the treaties of peace with Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria, while Austria is starving and the most horrible war rages in Russia. The Paris Triumvirate are Messrs. Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George, democrats of the enthusiastic breed. Their peace with Germany is pronounced by competent critics to be a gigantic sham, ludicrously unworkable; and their League of Nations at present consists of Great Britain and France.

Why did aristocratic diplomacy succeed where democratic diplomacy has failed? Were Castlereagh,

Talleyrand, and Metternich so much cleverer than Messrs. Clemenceau, Wilson, and George? Hardly that: brain for brain, man for man, the weights are probably about equal. But the aristocrats succeeded where the democrats have failed, because Talleyrand, Metternich and Castlereagh sat down calmly to consider the state of Europe without thinking of electoral mobs and newspaper articles, and unassisted by an army of experts. Mr. Wilson was always looking over his shoulder at the Congressional elections and his enemies in the Senate. Mr. Lloyd George, though he affects to despise the Northcliffe press, has always got his ear to the ground; and he had just won an election in which he had been forced by his party managers to make ruinous and laughable promises. So distracted and so pledged two of the triumvirate entered the Conference room. The third, when he was not asleep, was thinking how he could avenge France. Not by such counsellors can the peace of the world be permanently settled.

The Reparation Commission, if the Peace Treaty is carried out, will manage the fiscal, financial, and commercial affairs of Germany (including exchange and currency) for the next forty-five years, or perhaps in perpetuity. This body is to be composed of delegates nominated by England, France, Italy, the United States, Belgium, Japan, and the Serbo-Croat-Slovene State: the Belgian, Japanese and Serbo-Croat delegates will only attend when their interests are concerned: and on financial points decisions must be unanimous. Germany must pay in cash or kind £1,000 millions by 1st May, 1921. But from this sum must be deducted the cost of the army of occupation (put at 200 millions): and the Allies may in their discretion allow Germany such sums as may be necessary to purchase food and raw materials. As the total transferable wealth of Germany at the present time cannot exceed from 250 to 350 millions, Belgium, which has the prior claim, will be lucky if, after the above-named deductions, she gets her 100 millions. The other Allies can get nothing.

If Germany fails to pay 1,000 millions by 1st May, 1921, then she is required to issue 3,000 million bearer bonds carrying interest at  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. up to 1925, and at 5 per cent. plus 1 per cent. for amortisation after, that is to say £75,000,000 a year from 1921 to 1925 and £180,000,000 a year afterwards. There are further absurd clauses, too complicated to explain here, by which the capital liability (for damages and pensions) may be raised to 8,000 millions: and as unpaid interest is to accumulate at compound rate, Mr. Keynes calculates that in sixteen years, in 1936, Germany will owe the Allies 13,000,000,000 (thirteen thousand millions) bearing interest of £650,000,000 a year, or, with 1 per cent. for amortisation, £780,000,000 a year. Does any man outside Hanwell believe that Germany can or will pay any such sums? To hand Germany over to a Commission, which is to control her entire resources in order to extract the last ounce of blood, is to drive desperate men to anarchy or Bolshevism.

The Paris Conference is the old story of too many cooks spoiling the broth. Had three or four or five Ministers, who were also men of the world, met in the Conference room, and named lump sums to be paid by Germany and Austria within fixed periods, and drawn on big maps the new frontiers, they would have made an infinitely fairer and more workable Peace than has been hammered out by the army of Foreign Office and Treasury experts, with their attendant crowds of statisticians, chartered accountants, lawyers, journalists and financiers. In big business, where time is vital, it is often more paralysing to know too much than too little. The Big Four were fairly drowned by the flood of figures in which their expert delegations submerged them. In three years the Treaty will be altered out of recognition: in ten or twenty years people will marvel how three clever men could have concocted so cruel an absurdity.

That Lady Astor is legally disqualified from sitting in the House of Commons by reason of her being by status a peeress is as certain as anything can be in the domain of law. Nothing, of course, will be done about it, because in these times the illegality of a thing is a strong recommendation in its favour, provided always it be new and amusing, and calculated to lower the dignity of the old order. We are astonished that Nancy Witcher did not "jazz" up the floor of the House in the arms of Mr. Balfour to take the oath. How the House would have rocked with laughter: what an appropriate jest would the Speaker have broken: and how the newspapers would have overflowed with acclamations of the new style of swearing!

Much cynical and some angry comment has been aroused in Canada by the bestowal of a baronetcy on Mr. Orr Lewis, one of the "triumvirate" concerned in the purchase of "damaged cartridges" from the Canadian Government and their resale to the British Admiralty. The other two triumvirs were Sir Trevor Dawson and Mr. Allison, while Sir Sam Hughes acted as the honest broker. Our press and politicians are always professing admiration and respect for the Canadians, and they ought to know that this bestowal of an hereditary honour upon a Canadian is flying in the face of Canadian public opinion. The Dominion House of Commons, after long debates, passed a resolution condemning the bestowal of titles by the Imperial Government upon Canadians, and refusing to recognise hereditary honours. They say now in Canada that all the war profiteers are leaving the Dominion and coming to London to get titles. These are your real Democrats!

A spark of hope for the future is revived in our reactionary breast by the authentic intelligence that Pelman has got among the manual workers. The advertisement manager of the *Daily Herald* informs us that Pelman's Memory Course is a large user of his advertisement columns. This is good news indeed. If the grey pamphlets really become the mental pap of the horny-handed ones, our apprehensions of Soviet tyranny will be sensibly allayed. Shop-stewards may thus reach the intellectual exaltation of, say, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Colonel Malone, M.P., who are, we believe, the most successful products of Pelmanism. The workmen may take to counting the buttons on the policeman's coat instead of the hours which they may filch from their employer. Should they learn to count the number of times that the Brothers Geddes contradict themselves, or to memorise the Prime Minister's election speeches, it would be a harmless, even useful, educational process.

The only information about Mr. Swinburne that we can give the Lady Mayoress is that he is not Mr. Algeron Swinburne, who (to borrow a joke of W. S. Gilbert about Bach) is not now composing but decomposing. Nevertheless, her Ladyship did wrong to be angry with Mr. J. Swinburne, who only spoke the truth in his lecture to the Musical Association. From playing a sonata of Beethoven to cooking a mutton-chop there is nothing that men do not do better than women. The great dress-makers are men; the Chinese dhohey is a infinitely better laundry-man than the wretches who send one's linen home dirty, torn, and blue. There is but one thing that women certainly do better, nursing the sick. The heavy-handed tobacco-reeking orderly was not to be compared to the ministering angels of the V.A.D., as Tommy will gratefully testify. And yet when all is said and done they are omnipotent. Witness the law defied and the House of Commons fooled by an American woman!

What is the use of asking for the surrender of the Camp Commandants, who tortured and insulted their prisoners, and the officers who ordered the slaughter of women and children and old men, sixteen months after the event? Does anyone suppose that the criminals have not most of them escaped to Sweden and Switzerland, where with shaved moustachios or new beards and

false names they will escape detection, especially in countries where no one will be interested in their arrest? The surrender of these scoundrels should have been made one of the terms of the Armistice, or should have been demanded immediately, before the Conference met. Even if the Germans deliver some of them, what will the evidence of their accusers be worth after this lapse of time? Or how will you collect the witnesses?

The Vicar of Rusper has spent two years of his life, and apparently the whole of his slender capital, in disproving charges, which ought to have been decided in a few days at the cost of a few pounds. Such are the delays and the scandalous costs of English law. The Vicar presumably appeared before an ecclesiastical court, of some kind, the Consistory Court, we think; and it seems that ecclesiastical lawyers are as ruinously expensive as their profane brethren in the metropolis. Is it not a shame and a disgrace to the legal system that a poor clergyman should be literally ruined, landed in the bankruptcy court, by paying fees to lawyers?

General Sir Charles Townshend has been very scurvily treated, though from his own account it is difficult to decide whether the blame belongs to the Indian Government, to Sir John Nixon, or to the War Office. General Townshend told Sir Beauchamp Duff at Simla that to take Baghdad he should require at least two divisions, from 30,000 to 40,000 men, a proposition to which the Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army cordially assented. Yet General Townshend was ordered by Sir John Nixon, commander-in-chief in Mesopotamia, to advance on Baghdad with less than 10,000 men; and when he had lost a third of his force, he was besieged in Kut. Relief was promised him in less than two months; but he was left to starve for five months, when he surrendered, and was taken as a captive to Constantinople, where he remained for over two years. What a humiliation for a distinguished British General! On returning to England Sir Charles Townshend found himself shelved and shunned by the big wigs as a man with a grievance, or, rather, as a man who could tell tales.

Whatever may be the rights and wrongs of the dispute between the Pearl Assurance Company and its agents, clearly it is nobody's business but their own. Lord Northcliffe, however, is never happy except when he is making mischief, and he is, according to the papers, subsidising the strikers to the tune of £1,000 a week. We hope that next time there is a strike in one of the Polypapist's offices, someone will subsidise his employees. It is apparent that the Polypapist meditates throwing his newspapers into the scale of the Labour Party. Let him remember the story of the young man with great possessions who asked how he should save himself. But possibly it is the example of Hearst, of American infamy, that the Polypapist desires to emulate? When the Labour Party takes to cutting up the capitalists, we doubt whether it will show much tenderness to the Northcliffe millions.

It is stated in the press that a sum of £10,000,000 has been put up in America for the purpose of persuading Britain "to go dry." Our own conviction is that a subscription to dry up the Atlantic would have as much chance of success, but there arises the question why, when everybody is harassed with post-war problems, we should allow our peace to be disturbed by a band of Yankee fanatics with never so many millions to scatter. It is a most unwarrantable intrusion on our domestic life at a time when we are in no mood to be trifled with. As we see in Wales, a "Pussyfoot" campaign is bound to lead to stormy meetings, and to much quarrelling and ill-feeling. We have other things to deal with just now; and we really think the Government might ask the permission of the Washington Cabinet to repatriate these meddlesome maniacs, and to forbid, at all events for the next year or two, their landing on these shores.



## SIGNING PEACE.

ALL previous treaties of peace have opened with professions of future peace and friendship between the signatories. The Treaty of Peace of 1856, which closed the Crimean War, begins "From the day of the exchange of the Ratifications of the present Treaty there shall be peace and friendship between Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom, etc., etc., on the one part and His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias on the other part; as well as between their heirs and successors, their respective dominions and subjects, in perpetuity." There is no nonsense of this kind in the Treaty of Versailles: "the treaty is signed, and from this day all its clauses will be executed" is the Republican style, a little rough. The change, however, is not merely one of manners. In former days war was the sport of kings. After leisurely marching and counter-marching for five, ten, or twenty years, and suffering a sufficient loss of cannon-fodder, their Majesties grew bored or became bankrupt. The Emperor therefore, made a profound bow to the King, kissed him on each cheek, and both signed a document binding themselves and their heirs and their subjects to live in peace and amity for ever afterwards. Such a peace would last for five, ten, or twenty years, until the Most Christian King or the Holy Roman Emperor was ready to go at it again. But this War has been the life-and-death struggle between nations, between races, and types of civilisation. That alone is enough to kindle bitter hatred; and the Germans conducted the war with a brutality, a wanton devastation of land and property, and a cowardly cruelty towards their prisoners, which have never been seen since the dark ages, and which make it impossible to be civil to them in a treaty of peace. And perhaps the brusque words with which M. Clemenceau closed the sitting on the 10th of January, 1920, were the most sincere part of the proceedings of the Conference from its first meeting in January, 1919.

For the fault we find with the diplomacy expressed in the Treaty of Versailles is its insincerity, the curse of democratic politics. Neither Mr. Lloyd George, nor M. Clemenceau, nor Signor Orlando, dared to tell their constituents the truth, that they must not look to get much from Germany and Austria in the way of indemnities. The war had been so frightfully expensive, in lives and property and money, that to tell the mobs of ignorant electors that nothing was to be got out of the enemy might have (in the case of Italy probably would have), provoked revolutions, or at least serious disorders. Such at least is the only excuse for the electorate deceit that has been practised on the peoples. M. Clemenceau, who, we are told, paid little or no attention to the discussion of details in the Conference, may believe that all the clauses of the treaty will be executed, the wish being father to the thought, President Wilson, if Mr. Hoover may be taken to express his views, does not believe it, for Mr. Hoover is very angry at the desperate plight in which the Treaty leaves Austria. Mr. Lloyd George, with his natural shrewdness aided by all his expert advisers, cannot believe it. But democratic statesmen live in exaggerated terror of the masses from whom they derive their power. It was therefore held by all these great Ministers, the Big Four, that the peoples must be fooled by prospects of huge indemnities. The British electors, in our judgment, would have borne the truth from Mr. Lloyd George: they would not have taken it from anybody else. If any Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith had told them that Germany could pay little or nothing, they would have hooted him off the platform, and elected his opponent. But from Mr. Lloyd George they would have taken anything: and had he not fallen into the hands of election agents and listened to the hare-brained chatter of a Bank of England director, he might have told them the truth. It was a great opportunity of lifting the reproach of insincerity from politics, and it was lost. Instead of indemnities rolling in from Central Europe in cash or in kind, we shall be forced to witness year by year a nibbling away of the clauses of the treaty relating to the indemnities, till in

sheer weariness and disgust we write them off as bad debts. In the meantime, the blockade has been raised; the anti-dumping restrictions have been removed, except as to certain articles; the German bagman will once more offer us scissors at half the Sheffield prices; and we must trust to time and the strong effect of business interest to heal the wounds of war.

## SIGNOR NITTI'S DIFFICULTY.

SIGNOR NITTI has a strong case to urge upon Messrs. Lloyd George and Clemenceau regarding Italy's treatment by the Western Allies. Reviewing five months ago the main considerations governing Italian policy (in our issue of August 9th, 1919), we remarked that the unrest arising from distress and disillusionment was more menacing there than in any of the victorious nations. This view has since been confirmed by the forcible seizure of land by peasants and in the industrial North by the sweeping electoral victories of the Socialists. The increase in the numbers of the latter, contrary to what happened in France, gains in significance when the differences between official Italian Socialism and our own varieties are recalled. In Italy, official Socialism has throughout been definitely hostile to the War. Moreover, and again unlike our own, it openly proclaims its sympathy with Bolshevism. International Socialists grade themselves according as they are affiliated to the Second or Third "Internationals." The revolutionism of these bodies is in descending order. The second is of the "Bolshevism without bloodshed" type, while the third was called by Lenin at Moscow. Our own Socialists maintain formal and acknowledged connection with the Second International. The Italian Socialists, on the other hand, are affiliated to the third, and can fairly lay claim to the original Bolshevik afflatus. The leaders of the party, indeed, have proclaimed officially their "complete solidarity" with Soviet Russia, and a section definitely advocate the use of force at the present time in order to establish the dictatorship of the proletariat. The return of 150 members of a party of this kind is the most striking evidence of revolutionary sentiment that has so far appeared among the victorious nations.

The attitude of mind thus disclosed is already in evidence in Western Europe, and will probably become more pronounced. The promises of the new world flung about so lavishly by democracy's leaders have nowhere come up to expectation. In Italy, disillusionment has progressed more rapidly than elsewhere. The dissolvent effects of the War have there been strengthened by the especial severity of the economic aftermath. Her ruling classes have been discredited by their failure to get clauses providing for economic assistance included in the Treaties on the basis of which they entered the War. Not only would such clauses have averted much of Italy's present distress, but it is now seen that their omission prejudiced very gravely her diplomatic position at Paris. It was the fact that Italy was economically dependent on England and America, especially in regard to food and coal, which rendered President Wilson able to insist on his interpretation of his Points in her case. Moreover, the lack of support which the Italian delegation received from Britain against Wilsonian discrimination, and the friction with France over the proposed Danubian Federation, have embittered popular feeling in the Peninsula. The people realise that their statesmen failed where England and France succeeded. The two latter countries have at least obtained concrete advantages from the Peace Settlement, for what such advantages may be worth. France has Alsace-Lorraine, the Saar Valley coal and the military occupation of the Rhineland; England knows that the German Fleet is at the bottom of Scapa Flow. In the process of beating Germany we have ruined ourselves; but the concrete evidence of our victory at least strikes the popular imagination. In the case of Italy the cost is patent and the results are not spectacular. In face of the resulting disillusionment, the prestige of the rulers



suffers. Further, the governing classes themselves were not agreed on war-policy. The Giolittians opposed intervention, believing that Italy would gain more by bargaining with the Central Empires. So far has dissatisfaction with the results of the War progressed that not long ago Signor Giolitti himself judged it opportune to make a public pronouncement justifying his opposition to intervention.

The fact is that Italy has been trying to take a line in European affairs which requires both military and economic resources that she does not possess. The supposition that Italy could insist on her views, in the sense that England, America, France or Japan could insist, has only to be stated to show its absurdity. Nevertheless, this was the attitude taken up by Signors Orlando and Sonnino. Italy's difficult position to-day arises from this refusal to recognise the limitations attaching to her membership of the Big Five. Had the first Italian Delegation at Paris merely taken its stand on the Treaty of London, it would have obtained substantial territorial increases, including the whole of Dalmatia. This region, though mainly Slav in population, is strategically indispensable to the defence of Italy's Adriatic coast. But the Government had worked up, or allowed to be worked up, an agitation on behalf of Fiume which it dared not disregard; and the Treaty assigned Fiume to Croatia. In these circumstances the Italian Delegation should have made a virtue of not insisting on the Treaty. They would thus have been in a position, by way of compensation, to urge Italy's claims in the southern sections of Asia Minor. These claims centre on Adalia and its hinterland, and are based on the need for land that can be colonized by her prolific and laborious population. But Signors Orlando and Sonnino not only demanded more than the Treaty gave but refused to discuss any modifications of it. This naturally provoked an equally intransigent attitude on the part of the British and French Governments. The latter took up the attitude, "If you insist on the Treaty, we stand by our signatures, though since these were affixed circumstances have arisen which might reasonably be supposed to destroy the conditions precedent of our contract. But we will not lift a finger to give you anything beyond the Treaty." So Italy had the mortification of seeing Greek troops landed at Smyrna and important decisions reached at Paris during the absence of her Delegation. And as there are other things outside the Treaty which Italy needs more than the contents of the Treaty, notably food and coal, she must in the end give way.

Signor Nitti's own attitude has been statesmanlike. He has taken the line that territorial aspirations must give precedence to economic needs: that, in other words, Italy's claims to Dalmatia, the Dodecanese and Asia Minor will be susceptible of compromise if her economic future is assured. Unfortunately he inherited the legacy of popular passions stirred up by his predecessors without thought as to whether they could be satisfied; and the storm broke over Fiume. The Italians allege that there are equally suitable ports available for the Croats further south and that before the War only a very small portion of the trade of Croatia passed through Fiume. Their own claim to the town is based on historical and traditional associations and identity of culture. Unfortunately, it was precisely these considerations which the former Italian Government disregarded in annexing the Tyrol. The present Government might perhaps be willing to abandon Fiume were it not for the popular passion which has gathered round the name. The latest Memorandum presented by the Jugo-Slav Delegation to M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George is not likely to allay this feeling. In view of the discontent with which Signor Nitti has to deal at home, it is worth remembering that the difficulties of the position are not of his making. A compromise would almost certainly have been reached were it not that support of the Croats happened to be an idiosyncrasy of President Wilson, whom we have to thank for so many of our troubles. The Croats are the sole residuary legatees of the Fourteen Points. We have gone too far already

in our West-Slav fanaticism. It would be foolish to alienate a civilized Latin nation, strategically placed in the Mediterranean and responsible for whatever culture exists on the Eastern Adriatic, for the sake of a semi-barbarous Balkan people.

#### THE CHEF AT HOME.

HOWEVER opinions may differ as to the comparative merits of the pre-war world and the present, it is indisputable that one feature of British life has disappeared (let us hope temporarily) for all but the rich—we mean the jolly custom of hospitality. We use the word hospitality in the sense of entertaining friends in one's own house, for we decline to include in a time-honoured term the noisy and costly banquets at restaurants. Not only is it impossible for people of moderate means to see their friends round their own mahogany; it is becoming increasingly difficult for them to secure a decently cooked meal for themselves. Goodness knows what has become of all the pre-war cooks. Some of them have, no doubt, been snapped up by officers' messes, hospitals, clubs, and what the Scotch call "institutions." Others have married, and some perhaps have emigrated. One thing is certain, that they are not to be had except on usurious terms. Cooks grow scarcer every day, and consequently their wages rise. A cook that five years ago would have gladly taken £35 to £40 a year, now demands £70 to £80, and requires a kitchen or scullery maid, or both. At present prices of food and washing, it is difficult to keep a servant (including wages) at much less than £150 a year. This puts a good, or even tolerable, cook with her attendant kitchen or scullery maid, beyond the means of all but the super-taxers. There is no probability of this state of things changing for the better, that is, of prices and wages coming down, for a long time to come. What are people of small incomes to do? The power of becoming habituated to his surroundings, of adapting himself to changed circumstances, has always been a marked characteristic of mankind. We suggest to "the new poor" the plan of buying their food already cooked by a chef, whom they will thus transport to their homes. We don't, of course, recommend ordering expensive made dishes from a caterer like Gunter or Kingston: that is the dearest luxury in the world. We mean the buying of cooked food in tins, hermetically sealed and sterilised tins, which must be immersed in boiling water for twenty minutes before eating—the food, not the tins. The most incompetent and love-absorbed munitioneer, Wack, or Wraf, can surely be trusted to put a tin into boiling water for twenty minutes. The cooked foods obtainable in tins now comprise such things as cutlets, devilled kidneys, braised beef, chicken, hares, game, etc.

The whole question of preserved foods is worth attention. Cured foods, i.e., smoked or dried food, ham, bacon, tongue, and brawn, have long been preserved in glass, china, and tins, and are familiar to the public. We strongly advise everybody who buys cured foods and potted meats, in tins or glasses, to ascertain whether they are made in this country or whether they are imported from Canada, the United States, or the Argentine. Though it is forbidden by law (Food and Drugs Act) to use boric acid and sulphites as antiseptics, there is little doubt that Canadian and American packers do use them, and they are injurious to health. British manufacturers of the reputable class do not use chemical preservatives, and the disreputable class are afraid of the law. Still, abuses will creep in, and potted meats are the most dangerous, because the time taken in preparing them in the air is longer, and the temptation to add a chemical preservative is therefore greater. In buying cured food, whether in tins or glasses, particularly bacon, and sausages, and potted meats, find out where they are made.

It is not so particularly of cured food that we write as of fresh food cooked and then placed in tins, which are hermetically closed by soldering, and sterilised by high

temperature. There is, we know, a popular preference for food in glass bottles or containers to food in tins. Like most popular preferences it is based on inadequate knowledge. When canning food was an infant industry there was no doubt a certain amount of metallic contamination, resulting in ptomaine poisoning. But that was due to careless or unskilful soldering, and is now an almost negligible risk. Consider this one fact, more convincing than a dozen scientific opinions. For four years, during the war, three or four million soldiers lived almost entirely on tinned food, and we have not heard of any cases of ptomaine poisoning. A glass vessel looks nicer than a tin, and has the advantage of allowing you to see what you are buying. But apart from the fact that a great deal of the food which you buy in glass bottles has been transferred into them from tins, the best medical opinion is that tinned food is safer, as less liable to putrefaction, than food in bottles, for this reason. It is difficult to secure complete sterilisation in glass, because of breakages under high temperature. In 1908 a report was made to the Local Government Board by Dr. A. J. W. MacFadden, inspector of foods, "on preservatives in meat foods," and he uses these words: "It is undoubtedly more difficult to produce meats properly preserved by means of heat in glass containers than in cans. The high temperature to which canned materials may be subjected for long periods without risk renders the sterilisation of such meats a much more certain process than is the case with glass-packed goods." This opinion, together with the extraordinary health of our tinned-fed Tommies, ought to destroy the prejudice against canned meats. There is another point, that it is more difficult to make a glass-bottle air-tight than a tin, as the joint between a glass container and a metal top or cap is less secure than a properly soldered tin lid.

The new rich, with their £2,000 motors, their £500 a year chefs, and their bejewelled spouses, will "hear with a disdainful smile" these expedients for getting decently cooked food at moderate prices in one's own home. It is not for them that we prescribe, but for the large class of men and women, delicately bred and nurtured, of refined if not of luxurious tastes and habits, who nowadays have such a terrible struggle for existence between tax-collectors, servants and tradesmen.

#### 'JULIUS CÆSAR' AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

'JULIUS CÆSAR' is an achievement which can be highly appreciated up to a point by the very young. As the mere story of a dangerous conspiracy, staged amid thunder and lightning, uplifted by fine talk about liberty, dreadfully attended with angry crowds and fighting armies, it is all that lovers of a first-rate dramatic narrative can desire. The main motives are of a childlike simplicity—envy, love of freedom, loyalty, personal advantage, the general good. Such a play must, at a first reading inevitably take a high place in the affections, and that fact makes one apt to class it among the more ingenuous and less profound works of its mighty author. Because it is a play which young people inevitably find attractive beyond all the others, sight is apt to be lost of the fact that it is also a play which from one point of view is the least likely of all Shakespeare's plays to be measured in all its greatness by anyone who has not by study or actual experience become acquainted with the behaviour of men in public life. The grand simplicity of the play is misleading. We are not predisposed to look into so simple a composition for any very deep political truths or any subtle presentment of political types, and it is only after reading and seeing it many times, and bringing to it, as the years go by, an increasing knowledge of past history and present politics, that we begin to realise how wonderfully Shakespeare, whether by accident or design, has selected the fundamental truths and traits of political life in all ages for illustration in this, his political masterpiece. There is hardly a speech in the play which cannot be taken out

of its Roman context and applied to almost any time or country of a kindred civilisation with our own. Cassius, bringing Brutus into the conspiracy, might be any French or English Premier of to-day bringing in the man of character or repute to make his Cabinet respectable. Antony's speech in the forum is any electioneer to any constituency in any age. Brutus is as representative a type of the honest political blunderer as Cassius is of the shrewd arrivist. The conspirators who strike down tyranny, and immediately assume power to allow or forbid Antony to speak to the people or admit him to a voice in their decrees, are the committee of public safety which invariably plays King Stork to King Log when they have made away with him; and it is wholly in agreement with the history of all revolutions that the first we hear of our conspirators after the murder of Cæsar is that they are furiously quarrelling among themselves. What more forcibly strikes one with every reading of the play is the amazing impartiality and moderation of the author. Few men of letters have any real political sense. Often they are contemptuous of politics, or, if we find them engaged in politics, they are in this or that camp with some particular doctrine of their own to advance. Shakespeare, on the other hand, presents in 'Julius Cæsar' a group of contrasted politicians with equal justice and intimacy. His conspirators, like any political party at any time, are made up of all sorts, and in some of them the motives are so discreetly mixed that they can in fairly good faith allege public reasons for following personal ends. Is not this the very marrow of the political bone? There is no malice here or distortion of any of the types that are offered. Even Casca is a likeable fellow, though he is quite ready to stab Cæsar, while expressing the supremest contempt for the people he thereby liberates from Cæsar's tyranny (a common habit of advanced Liberals in all ages).

Nothing seems to be more difficult than to write a good political play. There are plenty of good plays in which politicians figure, but these are usually plays about anything in the world but politics. Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote a good political play in 'John Bull's Other Island,' and Ibsen wrote a good one in 'An Enemy of the People.' But these achievements belong too much to their age. They have not the simplicity and grandeur of outline of 'Julius Cæsar,' and they do not so well blend politics and general humanity. 'Julius Cæsar' is at the same time wholly political (there are only two women in the play, who could be dropped from the cast without being seriously missed), and at the same time it is thoroughly interesting as a drama of human personality. The politics are as good as anything in Burke without a trace of that aridity of imagination which usually goes with such wisdom (witness Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful). A producer of 'Julius Cæsar' may, in fact, safely let the politics of the play look after themselves. He has only to present the play as a play of human character and emotion. The politics are implicit and indistinguishable. They cannot be missed by any spectator of political sense or experience.

But we are being led rather far from the immediate matter in hand, which is to commemorate a most able and compelling production of 'Julius Cæsar' at the St. James's theatre. We were lately dealing with Mr. Martin Harvey's beautiful 'Hamlet' at Covent Garden, where the historical effect of the play is diminished by the decorative value of the production. Mr. Stanley Bell has not made this mistake. He does not, it is true, use the open stage, but the play is flung forward into the theatre with all the force at the command of a company whose lungs are put loyally at Shakespeare's service, and who achieve a remarkably competent and effective delivery of Shakespeare's text. From the moment when we heard Mr. Henry Ainley in Antony's pulpit at Drury Lane in 1916 we hoped to see him as we saw him the other night at the St. James's theatre, a leading figure in a production inspired throughout with a sense of the power and value of the text. Shakespeare has had to suffer in our theatre from two main tendencies—both of them contrary to Shakespeare's own method. The first is the tendency of Eng-



lish producers to rely upon the illusion of the painted scene. The second is the tendency of English actors to rely upon their acting. The first tendency has weakened of late. The barbarity of mutilating Shakespeare's text, delaying his action, and distracting the spectator with elaborate scenic details and devices is now generally admitted. The evils of the second tendency are not yet so clearly realised. The more leisurely methods of the modern picture stage and the decline of the English theatre as a literary medium of expression have led to the cultivation in our actors of a technique based less upon the effective delivery of the text of a play than upon the incidental conduct of the scene. The technique of the English actor lays stress upon "business," upon what the actor does in the intervals of his speaking, upon the action whereby he illustrates, corroborates, or develops the intention roughly expressed in the actual phrases of his part. Such a technique is admirably suited to plays written in the modern style and to a stage where the electrician and the scene builder can hold the audience in the right place and mood, even though the text of the play is interrupted or silent. But such a technique is against the whole spirit of Shakespeare's theatre, or of any theatre in which language really matters. In this connection it is interesting to note that "business" counts for less on the French stage than on the English, because the French play is usually well written, and reliance can therefore be placed upon the effect of the author's phrase where the English actor would have to rely more upon action or grimace. Mr. Ainley has kept himself remarkably free of this general English tendency. He relies more on the spoken word and less on the incidental gesture than any living actor. That is why his Reader in Mr. Thomas Hardy's 'Dynasts' remains in the mind as one of the most striking performances of modern times, and why we look to him more than anyone else for a true revival of the Shakespearean tradition.

We cannot dwell in detail upon individual performances. Suffice it that the play holds the audience from start almost to finish, and that there would be much to say, if space allowed, both on the general excellence of the production, and on several notable new readings of individual parts, such as Mr. Claude Rains's Casca. We hope to return to these delights on some future occasion. Meanwhile, as these are early days, and as this production has a long and fortunate career before it, we wonder whether something cannot be done about the end of the play. The collapse of the play at Philippi is partly the fault of Shakespeare, who has set the producer a problem of which we have not yet seen a satisfactory solution. Mr. Stanley Bell has made a beautiful place to which our Romans may retire at leisure and kill themselves in peace, and his empty stage at the last is a fine touch. But he has not thereby prevented those three successive suicides from seeming gratuitous and mechanical. To give significance to the end of this story we must feel that Julius Cæsar is "mighty yet" in very truth; that his spirit is abroad, spreading confusion; that the action of the play is being impelled to inevitable disaster, amid scenes of unspeakable violence and dismay. Could we see our Romans distracted and unnerved, could we be conscious that they have fought a losing battle and that war is all about them, could we feel that they are haunted men in peril of their lives, we might watch those closing scenes without that sense of disillusionment which they invariably inspire. There, Mr. Stanley Bell, is a problem for you. Why not have another go at it? At all events insist that your soldiers should look as if they had really done some fighting.

#### BYRON.

IT has long been the fashion for "Culture"—that "word-catcher who lives on syllables"—to belittle Byron, though its hierophant Matthew Arnold singled him out as one of the greatest forces in English literature. To his own generation he was a portent, not for his greatest qualities, but as a peer-poet and peer-rebel

who stood defiantly parading his lacerated feelings—the pose which Macaulay stereotyped. But ever since he wrote

"You are *not* a moral people and you know it  
Without the aid of too sincere a poet"

the puritans would have none of him. Nor would the purists. Byron's literary faults, too, are obvious, and offend the academics. Though a most fluent metrist and rhythmist, he is rarely delicate in cadence or modulation, while his rhyming facility often makes him diffuse. He is a declaimer more than a singer. Though vivid in his passion—which was his inspiration—than perhaps any of our lyricists, he constantly tends to be operative. Moreover, has he not written "There let him lay?" But there are two things about him that cannot be doubted and shame the prattling taunt of vulgarity urged by "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease." He has made, and still makes, the widest European and transatlantic appeal of any English poet except Shakespeare. And, whatever he touches, however he handles it, there are few indeed to match him in electric spontaneity. He was in essence a man of action, and his words were the vents for deeds. He wrote—just as he boxed and swam—because he could not help it. As a voice, a figure, and an improvisatore he vibrates, a world-force with nothing attenuated or anaemic about him, and, above all, he is a man. Throughout there was a southern glow surrounding him. He may be called the Disraeli of poetry, just as Wordsworth was its Gladstone, while both as ironist, humorist and satirist, he triumphs alike in his letters—perhaps the best in our language—and in his verse. He laughs that he may not weep, and though he was a self-surveyor wearing his heart on his sleeve, his laughter at the contrast between words and things is very real and resonant. The old and easy taunt of establishing a "Satanic school" is unwarranted by the fact that, save for freedom, he was no idealist, but rather a relentless realiser. Satan is not apt, we imagine, to unmask shams or tear weak hypocrisies to tatters, still less is he a mad bull in a gimcrack china shop.

The scandals which gathered round his private life may be suffered to die down into silence and his self-mystification and self-compassions to be merged in his finer and fierier side. Nor would our "writative" contemporaries do ill to re-study Byron. For about him there is something elemental, something of the whirlwind and lightning, rarely to be found in the still, small voices. He is no "prophet of the past," but endures perennially modern. Shelley was ethereal, Byron earthful, but Shelley now would have been the chosen champion of pacifists and fadmongers, while Byron, with all his stains and turbulence, would have proved the greatest laureate of the great war. And he has yet another characteristic which no poet of his calibre has ever owned—that of being a grown-up schoolboy in his perpetual fun and frolic. He plays leap-frog with life. His pessimisms do not depress us, for he is ever in the latest slang, "pulling" somebody's "leg," and that leg is not unfrequently his own.

How tersely he sums up men and places, as in "the self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau"; Gibbon "Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer"; Clarens, "A populous solitude of bees and birds And fairy-formed and many coloured things," not to speak of the countless stock-passages which everybody knows. Byron's memory was as retentive as his reading was omnivorous, and it pervades all that he touches without effort. As for his cynicism, it was rooted in the Calvinist teaching of his old and dreaded nurse:—

"Our life is a false nature, 'tis not in  
The harmony of things—this hard decree,  
This uneradicable taint of sin,—  
This boundless upas, this all-blasting tree,  
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and branches be  
The skies which rain their plagues on men like dew—  
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes we see,  
And worse, the woes we see not—which throb through  
The immedicable soul with heartaches ever new."

His crystallisations of moments are intense, as is



evident from such lines as "the shock, the shout, the groan of war," or "A serpent round my heart was wreathed," and when his enthusiasm rises, as in the hackneyed 'The Isles of Greece,' we are set aflame. There is another instance less familiar:—

"Yes, love indeed is light from Heaven;  
A spark of that immortal fire  
With angels shared, by Alla given  
To lift from earth our low desire.  
Devotion wafts the mind above,  
But Heaven itself descends in love,  
A feeling from the Godhead caught  
To wean from self each sordid thought;  
A ray of Him who formed the whole,  
A glory circling round the soul."

And in his letters there is a wonderful impression, conveyed in a few master-strokes, of Venice at dawn. Take this again which is introspective:—

"His heart was formed for softness—warped to wrong,  
Betrayed too early and beguiled too long;  
Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew  
Within the grot, like that that hardened too;  
Less clear perchance, its earthly trials passed,  
But sunk and chilled and petrified at last."

And this:—

"'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown  
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high;  
Bespangled with those isles of light  
So wildly, spiritually bright."

If we had to single out his two finest effusions, we should point not to the classical quotations such as "Spirit of Freedom" or "There was a sound," or "She walks in beauty," or "There's not a joy the world can give," or even to the 'Dream,' but to the 'Stanzas to the Po,' which end:—

"'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—  
Live as I live and love as I have loved:  
To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,  
And then at least my heart can ne'er be moved."

And to the last poem written at Missolonghi—

"If thou regrettest thy youth, why live?  
The land of honourable death  
Is here: up to the field and give  
Away thy breath!  
Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best,  
Then look around choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest."

We have no space to dwell on Byron's lighter side—his ironies from the

"And Monks might deem their time had come agen,  
If tales tell true nor wrong these holy men,"

to the brilliant instances in 'Don Juan,' which is now no more immoral than 'Essays and Reviews' are heterodox. Much, too, should we have wished to exemplify the romping spirits of his Letters and their shy malice such as "You tell me that Lady Byron is dangerously unwell: I regret to inform you that she is dangerously well again."

When Lord Westbury was staying with Jowett, a discussion arose about poets and poetry. The Master quoted some polished lines of Tennyson. Others instanced Wordsworth. At the end Lord Westbury repeated a stinging passage from 'Don Juan,' and exclaimed, snapping his fingers, "There's for your Miss Tennyson!"

#### HATS AND CORONETS.

THE chief exports from America to this country are said to be school-marms, peach-fed hams, and English duchesses. The great Republic has now supplied us with a revolting peer, and a voting peeress. Americans know as much of their history as they ought to know. But surely Christopher Columbus and the Pilgrim Fathers never contemplated smiles at the claims of long descent; a supercilious repudiation of Debrett;

or a self-muzzling order as to British honours. The Lords Spiritual will learn with surprise that a nobleman spurns his coronet and says to it: "Get thee behind me." He is anxious to avoid the Right Reverend representatives of a Church which was founded by the Apostles, cemented by the blood of the Martyrs, and finally settled by Act of Parliament. The Lords Temporal will take the same view. The aggrieved and conscientious Viscount is not elbowed by ordinary barons, perhaps the descendants of those who fought at Hastings, Crecy, and Agincourt. He sits on a higher bench and his patent gives him a higher rank. Why this haste to avoid adorning the Upper Chamber? Possibly he is offended at the new peerage; clutched from the counting-houses of Lombard Street and Cornhill; reinforced by the smart sets of coal mines, ironworks, groceries, tramp steamers, malt and hops.

A perusal of that immortal work 'Ten Thousand a Year' may throw some light on the subject. It will be remembered that Tittlebat Titmouse, a draper's assistant in the firm of Tag-rag and Co., stood side by side with the Earl of Cheviotdale in Hyde Park, and watched the coroneted panels of passing equipages. "Damn everything!" said Tittlebat. These words exactly described the ideas of Lord Cheviotdale, who possessed many mansions in different parts of England, a magnificent fortune, a long pedigree, and who had just been refused a vacant riband. These two miserable men left the Park at the same time, both full of sorrow and discontent, with a decided misanthropic tendency. Thus does fortune banter us.

But if coronets are now despised, there is a small boom in hats. Certain electors hold that all beer is good, but that some beer is better than other beer. So with hats. The premier Marquis of England carries a cap before his Sovereign. The young gentlemen in the Guards are trying to bring back the top-hat to the West End. The Bishop of London is trying to bring back Mitres. Sword-bearers in civic processions wear furry hats, antique and terrifying. The Cardinal's hat in this country is said by black Protestants to be irreligious and illegal. When the Secretary of State for War is not inventing tanks, he is inventing military hats. The question of hats in the House of Commons is full of precedents and difficulties. Financiers of the Old Law discard two and only wear one when they go to St. Stephen's. Courts and Senates may be well occupied by these questions of real importance. The same remark applies to the Law Courts. A judge lately congratulated an efficient lady who had appropriated more than twenty thousand pounds in order to acquire furs and hats, on her personal charm, grace, wisdom and understanding.

Feminine influences have been felt in politics from Norman times, when the Lady Abbesses were summoned to the National Council, to Victorian times with the Dames of the Primrose League. In fact in 1839, during the contests of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne, the Bedchamber Question occasioned a political crisis and prevented a change of ministry. There are notorious examples of such influences, generally employed in recruiting parties, pushing relations, and conducting busy little intrigues. Two or three well-known cases will be remembered.

Fox was re-elected member for Westminster in 1784, and at a banquet to celebrate this victory the Prince of Wales gave the well-known toast of "True Blue and Mrs. Crewe." Fox's colours were blue and buff, which the *Edinburgh Review* adopted for its covers. Her husband was created Lord Crewe of Crewe in 1806. At the same election Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, a beauty and a leader of fashion, became prominent as a politician; for she exchanged kisses for votes. She is said to have canvassed "some of the most Blackguard houses in the Long Acre." America and the hat here occur again. Her famous portrait by Gainsborough, in hat and feather, was sold, stolen, and sold again, and became the property of an American magnate for £30,000. Coleridge alludes to her in the well-known lines:—

"Oh, lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,  
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?"

The famous Lady Holland made her house the centre of the Whig party, and here the leaders conferred on Sundays. She was anxious that her husband should be Foreign Secretary; but Lord John Russell quelled this ambition by the remark: "Why, they say, ma'am, that you open all Lord Holland's letters, and the foreign ministers might not like that."

The principal girls from the principal theatres, who now wear coronets, are conspicuous for conventionality, large families and postcard smiles rather than for political propaganda. They are more interested in Mellin and Glaxo than in the present emasculated doctrines of Tariff Reform. But there is the case of a dancer who interfered with great success in politics and was called by the *Times* a "Saltatory Pompadour." Marie Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert was born in Ireland, educated in Scotland, divorced in England, and went on the stage in Spain. She first took part in public affairs in Poland, and received valuable presents in St. Petersburg. In Bavaria she became a Baroness and a Countess by letters patent. Her rule in that country was marked by ability, and she circumvented the Jesuits and Metternich. In the tempestuous year 1848 she went to America and eventually died there, charitably disposed to the outcasts of her own sex in the Magdalen Asylum near New York. She is generally known as Lola Montez; and had she lived in these days, would probably have cordially supported a Coalition policy.

An unkind critic says that Americans have for our aristocracy an ardent admiration; that they adore titles; and that they are a permanent blow to republican principles. Among their accomplishments it is stated that after presentation to Royalty, they roll their R's as vigorously as a young equerry or an old lady-in-waiting. These views require some modification. Rolling R's have gone out. Coronets as well as the pound sterling continue to depreciate in New York. We are all Socialists now. A Lady Legislator has now been returned to the House of Commons in spite of the shrill claims of Labour and the political platitudes of Reverend Dismal Horrors at Little Bethels. Adverse possession coupled with dollars, and what the cabmen call back-chat, constitutes an important triple alliance. England and the American Luncheon Club expect a new parliamentary era in the days of the new woman. As the conquering heroine is strong, so may she be merciful in the number of her speeches, and bountiful in the number of her hats.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### MR. KEYNES AND THE PRACTICAL MAN.

SIR,—In reference to your article, "An Eye-witness of the Peace Conference," after reading the review in the *Times* of Mr. Keynes' book, it occurred to me that an Iron Cross was more appropriate than a C.B. If wrong, I apologise in advance. Many will prefer the views of those whose lives have been immersed in business and affairs. Was it not Mr. Rhodes who said that College Dons were as children and too simple for this world? They are, of course, desperately clever.

However, the important question, as your writer intimates, is, In making the Treaty of Versailles were we bound by the Fourteen Points and nothing else?

These points proceeded from the well-trained brain of President Wilson. Many at the time recognised him as the schoolmaster abroad and an idealist; as it afterwards appeared he was not supported by the will and common sense of the American people.

At one time President Wilson seemed to consider that we were as much to blame for the war as the Germans. Books may soon be written by Professors, who generally believe in inevitable wars, on the causes of this war. One may write a book to prove that it was due to the partitions of Poland, and another volume to show which partition was responsible. Others may ascribe it to Frederick the Great or Napoleon, or say that it was always agreed that to get Turkey out of Europe required a war, and this was the inevitable war. Others may ascribe it to the pugnacity of the

human race. But if we accept facts, we know that, if Prussia had consented to arbitration, this war would not have taken place. We also had a statesman whose capacious mind could penetrate the "ewigkeit," but he was unable to appreciate what was just under his nose.

The Germans have run the Fourteen Points for all they are worth, and assert they agreed to the Armistice and Peace on the faith of them—but did they?

Your article says: "Germany expected and the world expected that the Treaty based on the Fourteen Points would be . . . the abolition of the old system of indemnities." Now can it be supposed that the Allies, on whom the war was forced by Germany, were prepared to cry quits and not demand payment towards recouping the money lost, and did the Germans consider that they would not be called on for damages?

That the Treaty will ruin Germany in an economic sense I do not believe. It must be decided by the views of practical men.

Idealism is all very well, but not just yet—and are we ever likely to get it from Germany? The Treaty is not perfect, but those who assert that it should have been controlled by the Fourteen Points have still to prove their case.

A. W. D.

[Has our correspondent perchance ever read the definition of a practical man as one who practises the blunders of his predecessors? If he will read Mr. Keynes's book he will find as much realism in figures and calculations as he can digest. We would rather have an ounce of Mr. Keynes than a ton of Cecil Rhodes, whose German scholarships at Oxford are now a matter of ridicule.—Ed. S.R.]

### THE APPEAL BY THE PREMIERS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

SIR,—The references in this appeal to the "Fatherhood of God" and the "brotherhood of humanity" would be more convincing, did we not remember that Mr. Hughes, as a militant white Australian, is pledged to regard the coloured races of mankind—say three fourths of the whole human family—as Pariahs, while Mr. Lloyd George has done more than any other man to promote "envy, hatred and all uncharitableness" between class and class.

Our troubles in Egypt are due in no small degree to the very unbrotherly manner in which the "niggers"—i.e., the natives—were treated by some members of the Australian army during their sojourn in that country, while the unrest and insubordination from which we are suffering so severely in England to-day are largely attributable to the Premier's inflammatory incitements to discontent and his bitter denunciations of the "idle rich."

No demagogue has ever been more reckless in his language and more indifferent to his facts than Mr. Lloyd George, and when he appeals to us as fellow-Christians, we have the right to remind him of the words of St. James: "If any man among you seem to be religious and brideth not his tongue, that man's religion is vain."

C. F. RYDER.

### THE PRICE OF VICTORY.

SIR,—I went yesterday in a goodly company of uncles and aunts, of nephews and nieces, to see the so-called Victory Circus and Allied Fair at Olympia. With its heavy bookings and crowded audiences it provides a sufficiently bitter comment on the relation of the morality of public taste to the present lust after diversion. The absurd title, with its false flavour of patriotism, has nothing to do with the show; surely not!

The Allied Fair is a pandemonium of stupidity and noise, ranged in a perfect circle of blatant distraction about and outside the arena of the circus.

The circus itself is a second-rate affair altogether, judged by the earlier American standard set at Olympia by Barnum and Bailey about 1887. Eight out of



some sixteen "turns" billed on the programme "featured" or "presented" somebody or other with performing animals.

This is my burden. Do we really as a people want to divert ourselves by watching horses, dogs and elephants do tricks which they were never meant by nature to perform? It is difficult to believe that nature can be so contradicted except, in the majority of cases at least, at the price of a torturous training. Horses do not dance, nor do dogs leap on to flying platforms, except at a primary cost to themselves, the extent of which is hidden from the public, with its foolish and ill-considered applause.

If there are soi-disant kings in the republic of laughter who rule by their uncontrollable habit of deserting any human standard in dress or humour, so be it. We must suffer, but it is in our own kind. In the name of decency it is time that we ceased to involve the animals also in a disrespect for their own nature. And to drag them at the tail of "Victory," bloody enough already, and to push "Victory" at the front of a speculation in the baser values of English taste, that is a monumental tribute to the finer ideals for which the long war was fought and endured. Shall we never cease to be fooled by our own bad taste?

THE SATURDAY has been a stalwart champion of animals and their creature rights. Mr. Ralph Hodgson—where is he now?—is remembered with something more than gratitude; and about Christmas time once Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham wrote in its pages an inimitable study in animal tragedy called 'The Dead Horse.'

Could you ask one of them, or Mr. Walter Winans, to go to the Victory Circus and report?

H. L. HAYNES.

#### THE POWER OF CONGRESS.

SIR,—Nothing so entertains Americans as reading the comments of the SATURDAY REVIEW on men, manners, and things in this country. For me, I find it a source of never-ending delight. For example, in this issue before me (29 November) you comment on the present unedifying conflict between the President and the Senate, and seem impressed by the "powerlessness" of the Lower House in the matter. "This," you say, "is due to the fact that the Lower House of Congress is chosen by biennial election."

An English lady recently visiting the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, was much impressed by the fact that Admiral Mahan's portrait was given a place of honour in its library. "It is certainly a great compliment to us," she remarked, "that you Americans should honour this distinguished British naval historian." She was astonished to learn that Admiral Mahan was not only a Yankee of the most extreme type, but that the works which have given him so much fame were originally lectures delivered in the college which she was then inspecting.

So the dear old SATURDAY REVIEW—still more its editor—might be expected to know that the reason the Lower House can't settle this treaty business is that the constitution (which, according to the REVIEW, will inevitably destroy the country) specifically deprives it of the power to have any voice whatever in the making of treaties, and gives that power exclusively to the President and the Senate. Even electing members of the Lower House for ten years or for life, or making the seats hereditary, would not change the matter at all. That America is rapidly going to the devil is not at all unlikely—most of the world seems in that condition; but not because representatives are elected biennially!

HENRY J. EDMONDS.

610, West End Avenue, New York.

[Our pleasure at learning that the SATURDAY REVIEW amuses our American friend is tempered by the discovery that he has either not read or not understood the Note which excites his merriment. We are well aware that the House of Representatives is deprived by the Constitution of power over treaties, and have frequently commented on the fact. We ascribed the Congress-

man's lack of political weight and influence to the fact of his two years' term of office, and suggested that it should be extended, and that power of criticising treaties should be added. There is obviously a misunderstanding between us and our correspondent, due perhaps to the difference between the American and English language.—ED. S.R.]

#### PUSSYFOOT OR PEACE.

SIR,—The people of the United States are roused to fury by the mildest comment on their domestic affairs, and our statesmen invariably begin with abject apologies before making any reference to the amazing delays and squabbles at Washington in the matter of the Peace Treaty. Yet it is stated that some part of ten million pounds will be spent in an insolent attempt to force the views of United States teetotal fanatics on the people of Great Britain. Dear, dirty, drunken Ireland seems to have escaped their notice.

Meanwhile the urgent appeal of the Supreme Council of the Allies for assistance to save Vienna from famine was entirely disregarded by the people of the United States, and up to now the second and more urgent appeal also remains unanswered. It is of no consequence that the people of Vienna may die from hunger, if only the thirst of the English and Scots can be diverted from the national drinks of generations to water, enlivened by wood alcohol, cocaine, and the other pleasant stimulants which the fanatics of the United States have forced upon their countrymen.

The remarkable kindness and good nature of Mr. Johnson, after the deplorable attack which unintentionally destroyed his eye, have gained the sympathy of everyone. But this does not make the conduct of his colleagues less insolent. Let them mind their own business. I should perhaps state that I have no interest whatever in British "liquor," and do not even drink it, for I prefer French wines.

If these fanatics want something to do, one is almost tempted to wish that they would send some hundred dozen bottles of their national wood alcohol, with showy labels inscribed "Amerikanka Vodka," to the Bolsheviks, who will drink anything. There would be no more Bolsheviks.

H. B. DEVEY.

#### OUR ASYLUMS.

SIR,—You have often done me the honour to publish my letters on topics of general interest, but the letters recently appearing on lunacy matters are so absurd, that, though they deal with the work of my own life, I should never have troubled to answer them, had I not seen with astonishment that they had taken you in. I have passed the whole of my working life in the service of the private asylums. I was born and brought up in one of the Registered Hospitals for the Insane, that were thought at one time likely entirely to supersede them; I am the son of one of the greatest pioneers in the humane treatment of the insane, one who was consumed by a burning desire that they should be as happy as possible and accorded every possible freedom, the late Geo. Wm. Mould of Cheadle, Manchester. Therefore I write with knowledge, if not with impartiality. No sensible person would care for what a sensation-seeking paper like *Truth* said: twenty years ago it was clamouring against one of the Registered Hospitals. But the SATURDAY REVIEW is on a different footing. If time and space permitted, I could contradict practically every word in these letters. One of them, signed "One Who Knows,"—that containing the hypnotic theory—is plainly written by a person of not wholly sound mind; the others are, to say the least of it, unbalanced. To take a few points. In every sitting-room of an asylum there has to be hung up a long list of the persons to whom a patient's letters must be forwarded unopened, ranging from the Lord Chancellor downwards. It is obvious that an insane person could not be allowed to write to any case-hunting solicitor—there are case-hunting doctors also. All asylums are visited by the Central Board of Control, the proprietary places frequently and without notice by specially appointed justices, the others by their committees



of local public men. These all inspect and control every detail of management. Any patient may ask for a private interview, and this is frequently done and invariably granted. I read long ago the work of Charles Reade dealing with asylums. It is well known that he suffered from attacks of insanity; and I am firmly convinced that the atrocities he describes never did take place, but are the product of a diseased imagination, and probably also of malice. The most astounding false charges are sometimes made by the insane, and only a long experience suffices to sift the false from the true. No case of cruelty or neglect recently recorded in the papers occurred in the private asylums or licensed houses, to give them their proper name—a strictly limited body—but in illegal and unlicensed houses; and it is very properly illegal for an unlicensed person to take charge of the insane. At the time when, largely, unless I am mistaken, owing to the work of Charles Reade, panic legislation was initiated, Mr. G. W. Mould, who was working under the rival system, but had made an extensive examination of the proprietary asylums, gave evidence that there was no truth in these charges. To turn to your note. The phrase "making a profit out of insanity" is misleading. The physician is rightly paid for curing or alleviating it. It would be as reasonable to say that the Sister of a surgical nursing home was making a profit out of the sufferings of a cancer patient. Nor would it pay the physician of a private asylum to detain a patient or not to cure him, any more than it would pay a general practitioner not to cure his cases, with the object of keeping them on, for the simple reason that he wouldn't get any fresh patients. The reputation of an asylum depends upon its cures. The commonest charge against us nowadays is not that we unduly detain our patients, but that we turn them out too soon to make room for more urgent cases. The great majority of the relatives of the insane love them as much as do those of other sufferers, nor do they desire to go on paying high terms—and frequently exceedingly low terms—longer than they need do. In the case of patients with private means, their estates are so stringently in the hands of the Court of Chancery, that nothing can be expended except for their own benefit. There will always be now and again cases of undue roughness in asylums, as in other institutions; and the utmost vigilance of the medical staff is constantly directed against this; but seeing the extreme trials to which nurses are constantly subjected, and in such cases they are almost expected to be angels, they are astonishingly rare. When I think of the meticulous care which is exercised in this particular, how that the mildest slap ever contemplated by the Private Secretary would be regarded as a serious offence, how such comparatively innocent means of mechanical restraint as tying a restless patient in bed with a towel or his wrists with a handkerchief—as one constantly sees done at home in consulting practice—are disallowed in asylums, I don't know whether to laugh or cry at charges of systematic cruelty. The inspecting bodies, the neighbours who live around, the many grateful patients who have been discharged from the private asylums and their relatives, know that they are not true. *Magna est veritas et praevalerebit* in spite of the fact that the ignorance of the general public about insanity is so profound, that one might as well discuss the fourth dimension of space with an agricultural labourer.

GILBERT E. MOULD.

SIR,—May I draw the attention of your correspondent "Fiat Justitia" to the discussions of the treatment of mental diseases which have been appearing recently in the weeklies, in which he will find an emphatic demand by various writers for a drastic reform of the Lunacy Laws? A cheap reprint was published last year of Professor Elliot Smith's little book 'Shell Shock and its Lessons,' which points out that our present asylums have scarcely improved at all since before the days of the Crimean War, and that "it is quite usual for an asylum doctor to be in charge of at least 400 patients, and that this number sometimes rises to 600." It would be difficult to add anything to the scathing con-

demnation of the present asylum system by this eminent doctor and Fellow of the Royal Society.

Several of your correspondents allude to Charles Reade's book 'Hard Cash,' which is supposed to have brought about a wonderful reform in our Asylums. Mrs. Victor Rickard's powerful novel 'Cathy Rossiter,' which has lately been published, gives a no less vivid picture of the treatment of a sane woman who is incarcerated in an asylum, and shows with great insight how the conditions of a modern asylum affect the minds of those who are either not insane, or are merely the victims of nerves.

It is fifty-seven years since the publication of 'Hard Cash,' and it is still perfectly possible—as the Everett and Holman cases have shown within the last two months—for sane people to be certificated as lunatics, while the treatment of the asylum patients is about as bad as it could be, short of actual violence. In most cases there is no treatment whatever: the asylums are no better than a particularly horrible form of prison.

It is surely a feeble defence of the system that "the medical staff have more sympathy with the patients than with those who caused them to be put there," as one of your correspondents asserts. Such sympathy as an asylum doctor can bestow on his 400 patients can do little to counteract the promiscuous herding together of imbeciles and nervous patients, and the appalling strain that it involves upon those who are sent to an asylum to recover from a temporary mental breakdown. Anyone who has studied the question at all knows that people are constantly being certified as lunatics who need never have been sent to an asylum, while no one whose mental derangement is only a passing phase ought to be branded with the indelible stigma of certification. There is nothing more shameful or more permanent, in any form of curable mental disease, than there is in bodily ill-health.

I am particularly glad to see that your correspondent has concentrated upon the question of shell-shock patients. May I use the hospitality of your columns to say that an association is being formed for the amendment of the Lunacy Laws, and the improvement of their administration, and that I shall be glad to receive inquiries or information from any of your readers.

DENIS GWYNN.

SIR,—“A patient for five months” is justified in his assertions, and does not the fact that he was not informed of Mr. T. Healy's clause concerning appeal to a magistrate, rather give weight to his argument? Further, the farcical interview accorded on such occasions can be rendered futile by the administration of drugs, hypnotism, or exasperating mishandling, accompanied by the well-known but shameless subterfuge of brushing aside truthful statements as "delusion on the part of the patient."

While agreeing whole-heartedly that an institution for mental ill-health, well conducted by qualified men, would be a "blessing beyond value" to mankind, I must venture to question its existence to-day, or even the possibility of its existence under present legislation.

Further, I beg to question the integrity of protecting criminal lunacy at the expense of innocence, and the consequent merging of asylum law into that of the prison.

T. F. BISHOP.

#### ARMY FOOD.

SIR,—That Mr. Clift, Ex-Common or Garden Soldier, and "Polkovnik" and "Et Militavi," both presumably fairly senior officers, should disagree about army food is not surprising. The army ration as dished out to the men in their mess-tin lids from the company cookhouse, and the army ration as served up by an officers' mess cook and amply supplemented by purchases of delicacies from the E.F. canteen, appear very different things—even supposing that the quartermaster has seen that the colonel's mess shall not benefit in the matter of fresh meat and bread at the men's expense.

The scale of rations laid down in the ration pamphlet is liberal, but in practice the system of accounting for

supplies in the field was designed to simplify and keep straight the books at the Base Supply Depôts, rather than to ensure that the fighting soldiers should get the full ration to which they were entitled—and so the troops naturally suffered. Formations in the field had to accept at their waybilled weights all supplies sent up from the Base Depôts on the daily pack-trains—thus, a truck of meat waybilled at say 6,000 lbs., though containing in fact a much smaller weight of meat (experimental and unofficial weighing on certain days disclosed shortages of from 500 to 1,200 lbs.), would be signed for by the Railhead Supply Officer and by the Senior Supply Officer of the Division as 6,000 lbs., and would be issued to the troops at that weight—the shortage being borne by the soldiers. I have taken meat as an example, but shortages in bread, cheese, bacon, tea and sugar, etc. (as well as large shortages in the hay and oat ration for animals) were equally frequent and noticeable.

The persistent leakages cloaked by this topsy-turvy system of accounting represented a loss of some millions of pounds to this country, besides making Mr. Clift and other "common or garden soldiers" feel disgruntled at the non-receipt of the full ration to which they were entitled.

"Polkovnik," as a mere colonel, probably never realised the existence of this very real cause of grievance among the men—in fact, so ignorant were most colonels about their men's food that I have not met one who could say straight off what rations his men were entitled to receive.

R. L. SHEPPARD.

SIR,—With regard to my few lines on army food, I feel I shall never convince you that I do not exaggerate in likening the daily stew, at home and abroad, to pig-wash, since you seem to be under the impression that I have been used from birth to a high standard of living and so I am hard to please. Your footnote suggests it. Well, Sir, I (who thoroughly detest it for its politics and admire it intensely for its remarkably sound judgments in literature and music) must confess that I have always been under the necessity of journeying to the Public Library to devour the SATURDAY REVIEW, and that I have an inkling that such a necessity will never be removed. What does it signify? But what I am anxious to point out is this: the appreciation of a palatable dinner, prepared by human hands that are washed at least once a day and cooked in a pot that is thoroughly scoured at least once a week, like the appreciation of a sixpenny periodical, is not a question of education. The food was bad because the officers deliberately shirked their duty of looking into things. Invariably the filthiest of human beings were selected to prepare food for human consumption, and these became veritable tyrants. And yet some possessed a conscience, and if they were surly and negligent, it was because they were overworked. At horse lines in dry weather men were kept grooming horses that did not need grooming, when they should have been detailed to assist the cooks. Consequently rabbits and vegetables were flung into the cauldron almost in their entirety and pots remained dirty.

No! officers never cared, but, not being careless of their own stomachs, they were known to reprimand their own cooks for an underdone steak or an overcooked rasher of bacon. (What a wealth of material there is in this single fact for an Æsop!)

Tinned meat and cursedly hard biscuits are necessary evils in time of war, but what arouses my vilest instincts now is the reflection that the blackguards (on both sides) who shouted "Delenda est Carthago" loudest never experienced these things once during the dreadful years.

"The one charm about the past is that it is the past." It is ludicrous to brood over past grievances, but the fact that one does brood over them occasionally a year after the Armistice, at the fireside (ah! the fireside, beloved of Schumann, gentlest of all musicians, beloved of Sam Weller, and rough men) should prove their genuineness, and I think you will agree with me.

SIDNEY JOHN CLIFT.

(Ex-Signaller Army Field Artillery.)

## REVIEWS

### THE HISTORIAN'S WAND.

The Romance of the Battle Line in France. By J. E. C. Bodley. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

FLANDERS and the frontier land between France and Germany have been for centuries the cock-pit of Europe. At this time of day nobody but Mr. Bodley could write anything entertaining or instructive about the Great War. But to Mr. Bodley, who enjoys the rare distinction of being a corresponding Member of the Institute of France, the battle-line is as familiar and as beloved as is his own corner of England to every Englishman. Many of the chateaux of North-Eastern France, the chateau de Sucs, for instance, are as well known to Mr. Bodley as Chatsworth or Blenheim to his countrymen; while he has studied the cathedrals and hotels de ville with more attention than most educated Britons bestow on Canterbury or Salisbury. How few of our young soldiers, or their officers, for that matter, knew anything of the historical fame or infamy of the villages in which they huddled for shelter or rest! But it is well that those who survive should know. Mr. Bodley waves the historian's magic wand, and we see rising from the rubbish and the ashes the romantic structures of old days—"and a dying glory smiles o'er the far times." It has been left to Mr. Bodley, for instance, to remind us that the last battle of the War, on the 8th of November, 1918, was the second battle of Malplaquet. Mr. Bodley travels right along the battle-line, and has so many interesting things to tell us of the different places, that we hope everyone may read his book, if only to efface their sad and sordid associations. There is Valenciennes, the birthplace of Froissart and Watteau; and Mont Cassel, that wonderful lonely hill up which Arthur Young rode moralising; and St. Quentin, with its exquisite hotel de ville of the fourteenth century and its collegiate church, once the home of the pastels of de Latour (which have been recovered from the Hun by a miracle); and Arras, native town of Robespierre; and Béthune, in "the Dumas country"; and St. Omer, breeding ground of Jesuits; and Cambrai, of which Fénelon was Archbishop; and Meaux, the bishopric of Bossuet; and Péronne, where Charles the Bold imprisoned Louis XI after a conference; and Amiens, which most of us can hardly help knowing; but how many of us can appreciate Mr. Bodley's judgment that its cathedral is more perfect even than that of Rheims, now a heap of ruins? Compiègne, nearer to Paris than Windsor to London, was reached by the Germans. It has been the scene of many splendid encounters. It was here that Louis XIV established his camp as a spectacle for Madame de Maintenon. It was at Compiègne that the first Napoleon met Marie Louise; and here that the third Napoleon kept a gay and glittering court. In 1905 the President entertained in the Château de Compiègne the Tsar and Tsarina, who were afraid to come to Paris. Mr. Bodley tells us that his object in presenting us with this charming historical guide-book is to bring home to his countrymen what the French have suffered, and what we might have suffered if the Germans had won the war. The East Anglian, on his way to find what the Huns had left of his home, might have seen King's College chapel a heap of calcined ruins like Rheims, the painted roof of Ely gaping to the sky, like the nave of Soissons, or the spire of Norwich hidden among the debris of a burnt and pillaged city. And the Germans nearly did win: three times it was, like Waterloo, "a damned near thing," as indeed all wars are. In September, 1914, when the lightning stroke all but reached Paris; in the autumn of 1916, when our finances ran dry; and in March, 1918, the Germans were within an ace of winning.

Mr. Bodley has added to his glorious itinerary, a chapter of sombre philosophy, in which he asks the terrible question, "*pourquoi notre jeunesse a-t-elle péri?*" Certainly not "to put down militarism," and certainly not "to make the world safe for democracy." Our



young men died because England called on them to defend her, that and nothing more. They, whom Matthew Arnold smiled at as "our young barbarians," and whom Mr. Wells, with the acerbity of the self-educated prig, denounces as wanting in method and scientific aim, beat the Germans with their forty years of scientific method and their "earnestness that goes into everything." Casual Eton and easy-going Oxford have been justified of their sons beyond the range of cavil. But are the survivors proud of the England for which they have risked their lives? One of the young men, who was killed quite late in the war, wrote home, "I am glad not to be in England now. What a sad, disgraceful, un-enobled, burglarious huckster among nations we are." Mr. Bodley points out, with perfect justice, that while pretending to go to war to kill Germanism, we have slavishly copied the worst points of Bismarckian regimentation. It is true. The one thing that redeems Germanism from contempt, is discipline, obedience to superiors, for the sake of one's country. This discipline is rejected by every democratic Briton and Colonial as degrading. But we have copied the worst features of State Socialism from Germany, the system of uniform compulsory education for which the State, not the parent, pays, and the system of insurance and pensions to which the insured contributes one-third, the State and the employer finding the other two-thirds. The army of bureaucrats, spreading their yellow forms over the land, has been borrowed from Germany and France; anyway, it is un-English. Mr. Bodley inveighs bitterly against the predominance of lawyers in the State: but what would he have? Democracy is government by words; and words are the trade of lawyers and journalists. We agree that the number of ex-Lord Chancellors drawing pensions of £5,000 a year is rather a scandal. It is owing to the fact that Lords Loreburn, Haldane, and Buckmaster, for one reason or another, left the woosack after a few years' occupancy. A Lord Chancellor ought not to be entitled to his very large pension until he has sat on the woosack five years. But when Mr. Bodley singles out the name of Lord Finlay as deserving "to be honoured for his refusal of a pension with astounding patriotism," those who know the facts will smile as they read. We are entirely in accord with Mr. Bodley in the scathing ridicule which he pours upon the wholesale distribution of honours, titles, ribands, and letters, among the non-combatant population, profiteers, chiefly, and bureaucrats. Honours and rewards ought, as far as possible, to have been confined to soldiers and sailors. Mr. Bodley makes very merry with the Order of Merit, copied, as he says, from the Court of Kaiser William, especially with its conference on Marshal Foch. To a Parisian the letters O.M. stand for *Ordures Ménagères*, household refuse, the deposit of which in iron boxes, placed on the pavement in the hours of darkness, is a subject of livelier interest in Paris than is the Order of Merit in London. A hit, a palpable hit! But all this is British democracy, a compound of traditional snobbery and insolent assertion of equality, more inconsistent, more vulgar, but safer than the continental brand. We share Mr. Bodley's wrath against the present condition of England: and he only confirms what we have so often written in these pages, that in winning the war we have lost our civilisation.

#### TWO PROFESSIONALS AND A POET.

Literary Studies. By Charles Whibley. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

Some Soldier Poets. By Sturge Moore. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

Rupert Brooke and the Intellectual Imagination. By Walter de la Mare. Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.

IT is at best paradoxical, if not actual bad manners, in a journalist to rail at journalism. If we have the temerity to adopt this course, and to complain of

Mr. Whibley and Mr. Sturge Moore that they do not reach the level of more permanent writing, it is at least incumbent upon us in defence of our criticism to attempt to distinguish between journalism and literature. The distinction is not easy to discover, or to state, because here, as everywhere else in definition, there is considerable overlapping. But it is at least a reasonable criterion that literature as distinct from journalism, has these characteristics, that it is written of what the author knows better than anyone else, because he likes or dislikes the subject more than anyone else. If the author in addition to knowledge and love or hatred has imagination, and the power of expression, he is on the way to achieving literature. The good journalist, on the other hand, may and does succeed in handling themes of which he is necessarily ignorant, and in which he takes none but a professional interest. From the lowest level of all, where the writer of the society news mentions people she does not know, to the highest, where Mr. Whibley describes authors he neither loves nor hates, there is the common trade mark—"Warranted not to wear."

Mr. Whibley, by being included among the journalists, dignifies journalism. His way is not that of the headline, nor are his literary manners those of the siren in a fog—a not unfair description of much that appears in the journal to which he is a weekly contributor. Indeed, it may be said of Mr. Whibley that he has touched the *Daily Mail* and marvellously escaped defilement. But not altogether! He has not been infected by the steam whistling, but he has (and how could he escape it?) acquired the habit of writing for the sake of filling a column. He has gradually exchanged the brilliant success of failure of the true amateur of letters for the uniform and almost drab achievement of the professional. All his topics in this book of studies have a warming influence; 'Chronicles and Historians of the Tudor Age,' 'Rogues and Vagabonds of Shakespeare's Time,' 'The Court Poets,' and the rest belong, one would be sure, to literature rather than journalism. None the less, they leave in the mind the impression neither of real knowledge nor real affection. Much of the book has appeared as a part of such serious volumes as 'Shakespeare's England,' and the 'Cambridge History of Literature,' but even these impressive names do not comfort us. In the 'Rogues and Vagabonds' we are deftly, even charmingly introduced to the "Canting Crew," Rufflers, Upright Men, Hookers, Cony-catchers, exponents of High Law—all appear, but alas! as though in any auctioneer's catalogue. Not only so, but the reader instinctively wonders whether the names were not as strange (and as unconvincing) to Mr. Whibley as to himself. When Fabre describes a beetle, one is sure that, if he did not invent that invertebrate, God at least consulted him; but when Mr. Whibley writes of his Rogues and his Court Poets and his Translators, one is uncomfortably aware of a note-book and almost suspects shorthand. One does not, for example, dissent from the wise judgments on Sedley, Rochester and Buckhurst, but there is an entire absence of fire and of grip. If, for example, the George Wyndham who wrote 'Essays on Romantic Literature,' had got about them, what glowing, what absolute fellows he had made of them! He would have gone singing and fighting and dying with them till they were all Sedley, Rochester and Buckhurst and all Wyndham as well. But these dandies and romantic buccaneers of verse admit Mr. Whibley to a sort of private view on the strength of a card marked "Press." Mr. Whibley writes with an easy and attractive pen, but never once does he remember his charming subjects sufficiently to forget himself. And until a man can forget himself, literature will not remember him.

Mr. Sturge Moore has something of the same defect. Himself a poet, with a large record at any rate of things attempted, he should have dealt at first hand with poetry as with a thing that he not only knew, but very dearly loved. And in a sense he does this, because with a generous warmth he estimates a generation of poets, whose work is quite foreign to his own



aims. He presents the rare spectacle of a man praising what all his prejudices bid him deprecate. It may, of course, be that we detect a certain deadness in these appreciations because, if we are honest with ourselves, we must admit that we have heard a little too much of the war-poets; but this is to be doubted, because Mr. de la Mare writing of Rupert Brooke has, we think, achieved literature. Our view rather is that Mr. Moore has failed, first, because he has let himself be seduced by the prevailing fashion into dealing with writers who in some cases owe more to their gallantry than to their verse, and secondly, because in his heart he does not, possibly with the exception of Brooke and Grenfell, at all believe in those whom he here praises. As to the accusation of his being betrayed by fashion, let us consider that he gives the title of 'A Half Pleiade' to an essay on Messrs. Robert Nichols, Sigfried Sassoon, and Robert Graves. He adds chapters on Vernède, Sorley, Thomas Aldington and Alan Seeger. These are the names that no fashionable writer on war-poetry may ignore, and why? Not because intrinsically their verse has permanent value, but sometimes because they die untimely, or else because it is felt that a war of this size should have, if in fact it didn't, in order to fulfil expectations, produced poetry to scale. Mr. Sturge Moore quotes poems from Messrs. Sassoon, Nichols and Graves which by reason of his title are to be set beside Ronsard and Du Bellay. Well, to be honest, they are simply silly in that company! Vigorous Mr. Sassoon is, relying not only on oaths for his effects, but on the spirit behind the oath, and both Mr. Graves and Mr. Nichols have hints of beauty. But we are not yet ready to admit them to the eternity that Mr. Sturge Moore, writing, as we think, at second-hand, would give them. We say at second-hand, because in his final essay on 'The Best Poetry' both by what he says and what he quotes he destroys the validity of his previous appreciations. He finds in Wordsworth, in Browning and even in Shakespeare surprises "that seem to have fallen most directly out of heaven," but out of a heaven which would not recognise as possible inmates Mr. Sassoon and his companions. But most of all is his true attitude revealed in his praise of a poem by Mr. Binyon. The qualities of that poem are all in the lineal descent from Wordsworth. In our view the blood has grown thin, as it is apt to do in the third and fourth generation. But whether or no, Mr. Moore seems to have shown why his praise of the new writers is journalism rather than literature. He doesn't in fact like them, and he is trying to constrain himself to do so. It is generous, even fine in him to make the attempt, but it was bound to fail.

Mr. de la Mare is different. In writing of Rupert Brooke and of poetry he writes of a person he knew and loved perhaps better than anyone else, and of a theme that he knows, loves and practises better than all living Englishmen. We have no doubt about Mr. de la Mare; he is swift, he is strange, he is intimate. He follows the rose through wild centuries, because he has captured it in this, the rose that is poetry, and whose smell has beginnings dangerous, but always thrilling. A greater poet than Brooke, he praises him almost as a disciple might praise a master, but because of his quality he assays him truly. We will not add to the encyclopædias that have been written about Brooke. We prefer with Mr. de la Mare to leave the judgment to posterity. But we can be glad that so fine a poet as Mr. de la Mare has with such delicacy, with such understanding pricked some of the bubbles that the tuft-hunters are blowing. Brooke should not be approached in the spirit in which the dress-circle approaches Mr. Owen Nares. His personal beauty and his death are accidents. What matters and what remains are his stubborn vision and his transmutation of that vision by high craftsmanship. Mr. de la Mare does him a service by silencing the hysterical plaudits, and presenting with cool and exquisite certainty the more enduring aspects of Brooke's spirit. Of this little book both Mr. de la Mare and Brooke may well be proud.

#### A STUDY IN DESTRUCTION.

From Liberty to Brest-Litovsk. By Ariadna Tyrkova-Williams. Macmillan. 16s. net.

THERE have been many accounts, enthusiastic, impressionistic, and frankly partisan, of the Russian Revolution; even Trotsky has posed as an historian, and has produced his book, which has been translated into English for the benefit of our home-grown Bolsheviks. But all these accounts have suffered from the fact that they were primarily propaganda, or chronicles of events; even a respected Belgian Socialist who had greeted the revolution as the beginning of the millennium, tried to excuse the Terror that followed by remarking that the number of executions was not after all quite so large as had been made out by the journalists, who were notoriously given to exaggeration. As the typical special correspondent in Russia at the time was never quite sure when his turn would come for the tumbrel, he may perhaps be forgiven for not estimating the number of victims with mathematical precision; the proper air of detachment is difficult when one's own head may be detached from its normal position at any moment.

Mrs. Tyrkova-Williams differs from these earlier writers in the fact that her book is a real history. It sets out the course of events plainly and clearly, and she has adopted the excellent principle of letting the actors speak for themselves, so far as that is possible, by quoting directly from their speeches, or the articles of the press which sympathised with them. The test is crucial. Kerensky, the final example of the *vox et praeterea nihil*, is seen to be just as poor a thing from within as he appeared in M. Claud Anet's dramatic study of the Revolution from without; but Lenin becomes even more sinister a figure, when studied through his own words. Trotsky perhaps hardly emerges so clearly; but in the background are etched those transient figures, Tseretelli, Radek, and the rest of the rogues and fools who played their brief part in the work of destruction and then disappeared.

Many people will remember M. Lenôtre's studies of the bizarre figures of the French Revolution—nightmare creatures, human fungi, and scum thrown up by the boiling pot. It seems to us that some future Lenôtre will take this book as the basis of similar studies of the Russian Revolution, which in two years has produced a not less amazing series of characters, mostly despicable, as a consequence of that new dawn in which Mr. Lloyd George so prematurely triumphed. There is the same sloppy idealism and active lust of cruelty, the same demand for humanity and sacrifice of human blood, the same innate antagonism to Christianity. It is a pity that the author does not bring the story down to the Bolshevik demand for the founding of a new religion, a matter in which they are understood to be at present engaged—again following the French Revolutionary conception of a God of Reason. The Bolsheviks are rumoured to have refused to recognise the Almighty as King of Kings any longer, but to have conferred the alternative title of President of the Heavenly Republic on the Creator.

This book may be recommended as a storehouse of facts, and it is to be hoped that the author will in due course produce another volume, bringing the story down from Brest-Litovsk to the present day.

#### THE 'DUNSTERFORCE' IN PERSIA.

With the Persian Expedition. By Major M. H. Donohoe. Edward Arnold. 16s. net.

MAJOR DONOHOE gives a lively and complete account of the British military operations in North Western Persia during 1918. The object of those operations was to get to Baku and there oppose the Turks and Germans and the Bolsheviks. For this purpose General Dunsterforce was given a separate command, and provided with a number of British officers and N.C.O.'s, regarded as the framework of an army to be enlisted in Persia. "In February, in the middle of the rainy season, and while the snow lay thick upon the Persian mountain passes," he made a

dash for the Caspian Sea, accompanied by a few officers, intending to seize the port of Enzeli as a base for operations against Baku. He got as far as Resht, a few miles from Enzeli, but being unsupported, and the population proving hostile instead of friendly, as the War Office supposed, he was forced to retire to Hamadan, where he "held on tenaciously with a small body of officers and N.C.O.'s, no men, lacking supplies, from which he was separated by hundreds of miles of roadless country made doubly impassable by rain and melting snow, and threatened with extermination by unfriendly tribesmen who, wolflike, were baying round him, eager yet afraid to strike." That was the position when Major Donohoe, as part of reinforcements—another "small body of officers, no men"—joined the "Dunsterforce," as it was called familiarly. For the time being there was no possibility of a second dash for the Caspian Sea. The revolt of Kuchik Khan, a rather sporting Persian chieftain, barred the way. The expedition was constrained to sit in Hamadan, amid a miserable, starving population, in which the only able (i.e., well-fed) elements were virulently hostile. The description of the ravages of famine in that part of Persia are such as to belittle in the reader's mind the prowess and endurance of belligerents.

"The foodless people, driven crazy by their sufferings, now resorted to eating human flesh. . . . The Persian Governor one day awoke from his lethargy and roused the local police, who set out on the track of the child-eaters. A series of domiciliary visits brought to light fragments of human bones and rags of clothing. They arrested eight women who confessed that they had kidnapped, killed and eaten a number of children, pleading that hunger had driven them to these terrible crimes. On the following day, May 8th, a yet more horrifying case of cannibalism was discovered. The half-cooked remains were removed in a basket, and an indignant crowd of well-fed Democrats followed the wretched offenders to the police-station, threatening them with death."

And all the while rich men in Hamadan were hoarding large supplies of grain to keep up prices. The author's indignation with those profiteers is certain to be shared by every British reader. It is a relief to read of the frustration of their efforts, and their eventual castigation, by "the Dunsterforce." But Major Donohoe's identification of such profiteering with Persian Democracy seems to us unfair. Throughout the book we are made conscious of a lack of understanding of the Persian—we should even say at times, the Oriental—character. 'Hajji Baba,' which the author accepts as a serious exposition of that character, is just as much a caricature as Tartarin de Tarascon. Gobineau's Persian stories in 'Les Nouvelles Asiatiques,' are much nearer to the truth; and it seems to us probable that Major Wagstaff, of the Indian Army, an officer who had spent years in Persia, attached to the South Persia rifles, and had an intimate knowledge of the Persian as a fighter and an intriguer, had solid ground for his expressed belief, which seemed absurd to Major Donohoe, that the Persian is "courageous to a certain extent, honest according to his lights, and altogether possesses the making of a soldier." That he is not a fighter for the joy of fighting, with the making of a mercenary soldier, is quite clear, but he has been known to fight with vigour and endurance for a cause dear to him. He did not know the object of the British force at Hamadan, nor associate that object with his own affairs in any way, and the fact that the British were Allies of Russian Tsardom made him shy of them. Consequently, when persuaded by his love of money and his dread of famine to take service with them, he proved but a faint-hearted partisan.

In May the little force advanced northward in motor-cars, hoping to reach Tabriz before the Turks could occupy that city. They were defeated in this purpose, and were driven back with loss. With troops of any other nation in the world, in such small numbers, complete disaster would have been inevitable. But British energy and resourcefulness—one might almost say, effrontery—preserved the "Dunsterforce." Despite the set-back and the losses, it continued as be-

fore. Major Donohoe's account of scenes in which he played a part is admirably modest and objective.

Kuchik Khan, the Persian chief, whose force had barred the way up to the Caspian coast, having been at length defeated, there was another dash for Enzeli, this time successful. From Enzeli they went by sea to Baku. The collapse of the defence of Baku is described in detail, yet there is no mention of the treachery of the Armenians in the town who, after calling in the British, came to an understanding with the enemy. The author ascribes what treachery there was to "Bolsheviks," omitting to explain that the said "Bolsheviks" were of Armenian nationality. On the other hand, he writes: "The day after the British evacuation of Baku the Turks entered, and for two days the town was given over to pillage, many of the Armenian irregulars being killed in cold blood by the enemy." Cold blood! If it is true, as stated by the Caucasian delegation to the Peace Conference, that "the Armenians under the cover of Bolshevism rushed on the Muslims and massacred during some frightful days more than 12,000 people, many of whom were old men, women and children," that, they "burnt hundreds of villages and the old city of Shemakha," and that "in their violence against the Mahomedans the Baku Armenians were helped by the Armenian troops, directed by the Armenian National Council (Baku section)," there could be no cold blood for local Muslims in contact with Baku Armenians. In the same way Major Donohoe, in his narrative of the sufferings of the Nestorian Christians, ignores the other aspect of the case—namely, that they took up arms against the government of the land in which they lived in time of war, and massacred its loyal subjects when they got the chance. These oversights, suggestive of the politician rather than the soldier, belong to war-time propaganda, not to war. And it never seems to have occurred to Major Donohoe that the Tsar's régime of which he is a lover was more atrocious than the Sultan's from the Oriental point of view; yet that is the explanation of many things which puzzled him in Persia. The actual exploits of "the Dunsterforce," while he was with it, deserve, we think, more space than he has given to them in this book.

#### A PHILOSOPHER ON MAN AND THE UNIVERSE.

A Fragment of the Human Mind. By John Theodore Merz. Blackwood. 12s. 6d.

IT is a sound rule that the better the book on philosophy, the more it invites criticism; it is only the bad book that has to be ignored. Mr. Merz will therefore not misunderstand us if we say shortly that his very substantial 'Fragment' is admirable both in clarity of style and depth of matter, and proceed at once to certain points which cry out for comment.

The author has done wisely to study the child-mind in collecting his material, but, like the rest of us, he seems to have fled from the nursery when the baby began to cry. Otherwise he would hardly suggest that toothache has no existence outside our consciousness; for, when an infant is teething, there is a very real physical foundation for its troubles. Nor is he strictly accurate in saying that in the early days or months of life our sensations of pain and discomfort are quite indefinite, and are not located by the infant in definite portions of its body. An infant with stomach-ache, for instance, is under no delusions as to the pain being in its ear or its toe, but will invariably press its hands against the appropriate spot while uttering those inappropriate noises which perhaps cut short the observations of our philosopher.

Further, his remarks as to the inborn restlessness, physical and mental, of children, could have been profitably expanded. It is precisely this restless mentality which most clearly distinguishes *Homo Sapiens* from lower orders of life, in whom mental lethargy succeeds physical satisfaction. A young crocodile and hippopotamus, for instance, spend the greater part of their time in contemplation; but after the most surprising gastronomic feats a child is ready to play games or listen to



a story—to the distraction of parents and good uncles, who approximate more to the *amphibia* in their demand for quiet after food. It is only the philosopher who can rejoice—generally vicariously—in this juvenile triumph of mind over matter, as irrefragable evidence of the superior mentality of our race.

On two other matters Mr. Merz seems to have chosen distinctly unfortunate illustrations. Surely it is inaccurate to say that "musical notes have no location in space; they form a world to themselves." The divine realm of music is indeed an emotional world to itself, but a note of music is materially no more than a wave of sound, the reactions of which are subject to physical measurement, and therefore tantamount to its material location in space. The author's evident love of music seems in this instance to have caused him to mistake a metaphor for a fact.

Again, one can hardly follow his statement that "in the physical and cosmical world, where rigid mechanical rule seems to us to have undisputed sway, we see nothing of mistakes, error, failure; no stunted beginnings, no lost chances, are there to be found. Everything is natural and perfect and possesses the same reality." A glance through a powerful telescope at the Asteroids would, we think, lead Mr. Merz to omit this paragraph and to revise the argument which he founds upon it.

It is here, in fact, that we must confess to real disappointment with his work. Time and again he approaches, and touches on, the final problem of philosophy—the purpose of the universe; and one expected him, not indeed to solve that apparently insoluble riddle, but to make a genuine contribution to the eternal discussion. Unfortunately he does nothing of the kind. His best chapter is engaged with a rather superfluous analysis of Christianity as the greatest moral force of the world, but the problem lies outside religion for the philosopher. Even if it did not, and if Mr. Merz were justified in the method he adopts he does not appear to us to probe his enquiry into the place of love in the Christian and cosmical scheme sufficiently deep. In this respect he falls far short of the effect of Mr. Balfour's appeal, illogical and inconclusive though it be, in 'The Foundations of Belief,' that it is largely the thought of the sorrows of the world which compels us to postulate the love of God as the foundation of our theology. It is with no ingratitude to the author of a very stimulating book that we suggest he should take up this subject again where he has left it, and work out his conclusions more thoroughly.

It is proper to add that the summary of philosophic history in the first chapters of the book is a masterly introduction to the modern thought of the West, and that the author (or his publishers) deserve the usual castigation for failing to provide an index.

#### A NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

Men and Manner in Parliament. By Sir Henry Lucy.  
Illustrated. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

"THE Prime Minister is a successful Parliamentary speaker, but his oratorical merits do not range higher. He lacks two qualities without which true eloquence is impossible—to wit, earnestness and sincere conviction. . . . He has a lively fancy, and an art, highly and carefully cultivated, of coining polished phrases, generally personal in their bearing. When these are flashed forth he carries the House with him." If we had read this phrase without a clue to its context, we should unhesitatingly have said that it referred to Mr. Lloyd George; it fits in with our conception of him tolerably well. But actually it occurs in a sketch of Disraeli in Sir Henry Lucy's 'Men and Manners in Parliament' now re-published after 45 years under the author's own name.

This, however, is not the only injustice done to Lord Beaconsfield's memory in these pages. A little later we are told that when Mrs. Sarah Brydges Williams left Disraeli a considerable fortune "as an expression of her admiration for his political principles," the world was astonished less by the legacy than by "the lady's

success in discovering what Disraeli's political principles were." And in another passage we find the author questioning the "morality" of Disraeli's supreme power of twisting an adversary's remarks so as to make them appear ridiculous; a power which proved him to possess a genius for debate, and which, if it is to be accounted unmoral, must damn instantly and in one breath both the profession of Law and the business of Government.

But we would rather read this sort of thing than that sort of which the rest of the book is composed. When he writes of the gods—the Disraelis, the Gladstones and the Brights—the author is sometimes unjust (as we have observed) and trivial; but when he writes of the small fry, he is frankly boring. He lays too much stress on the personal foibles of those whom he brings under review; and though it may possibly have interested people at the time when the book was first published to learn the personal eccentricities and oratorical tricks of the great men by whom they were at that period governed, we cannot conceive of them being particularly thrilled by the news that such-and-such a private member, on the—mercifully rare—occasions on which he saw fit to address the House, invariably blinked his right eye, or pulled nervously at his moustaches, or that the honourable and insignificant member for so-and-so wore baggy grey trousers which trembled at the knees when he rose to speak. How much less, then, shall it interest us to-day, when these private members and their private affairs are dead, buried, and—we had hoped—forgotten.

When a volume is republished after a considerable interval of time, we expect it to contain something, at least, of real and permanent value; but there is not in this book one single observation, so far as we can discover, even on the more prominent parliamentarians of the period, sufficiently absorbing or profound to justify its republication after so many years. Sir Henry Lucy—Mr. Lucy, as he was when he wrote—had a great chance of doing something really good; but he has thrown his chance away. He had every advantage to enable him to set down facts worth recording, opinions worth reading, criticisms worth remembering; but he has given us instead nothing but a plethora of exasperating, unimportant detail. It is as if he had deliberately omitted anything worthy of inclusion, and included everything which he might and ought to have omitted. President Wilson, when he was still a student at Princeton University, was—Sir Henry assures us in an autobiographical note—first seriously stimulated to political investigation by these sketches, which originally appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. President Wilson has, in fact, said that he regards Sir Henry Lucy as "one of his instructors." If this is so, we can only thank Heaven that, for the sake of America's greatness, Mr. Wilson's other instructors had something less trivial to teach him. And in thanking Heaven, we must not forget Sir F. Carruthers Gould, whose admirable caricatures do all that they can to brighten these moribund pages.

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## MUSIC. NOTES

A NEGLECTED GREAT COMPOSER.—Less than two miles from the centre of starving Vienna, just beyond the district of Simmering, is the vast Friedhof or cemetery where lie, almost in a row, the remains of Beethoven, Schubert, Gluck, Brahms, and Johann Strauss, together with a sculptured memorial to Mozart, whose real burial-place, in some obscure Viennese churchyard no one knows. It is a profoundly interesting spot—a sort of "Musicians' Corner" in the open air—and few who have visited it in recent times (we were there about six months before the war) will have failed to wonder whether it has been carefully tended and looked after during this long period of stress. Above all, one's thoughts have turned to Franz Schubert, the solitary master of the group who was a Viennese born and bred; to that lovable man who, to quote Schumann, "had strains for the most subtle thoughts and feelings, nay, even for the events and conditions of life," and who died, as he had lived, a simple, modest, retiring worker at his art.

There was a time when it seemed possible that the transcendent genius of this composer might never be wholly brought to light, or what was known of it forgotten. He died in 1828, at the age of 31, in comparative poverty, and for years his music was but little known outside the narrow radius of his own activities. Then two Englishmen came along, George Grove and Arthur Sullivan, who were destined, the former especially, to extend the fame and the knowledge of Schubert's amazing product to an enormous degree. They found his scores hidden in old cupboards; they brought them back to England; they caused them to be played at the Crystal Palace, and by the Hallé Orchestra at Manchester, whilst helping to bring his chamber music into demand at the Popular Concerts and elsewhere. Whosoever heard his works loved them; to know his songs, as they gradually grew in favour with artists and audiences alike, was to find a fresh joy in life. Grove never ceased to write and speak of Schubert; Sullivan never tired of declaring how much he owed to him in melodic inspiration and method of instrumentation. So long as they lived, and for some time afterwards too, his music shared a foremost place in popular esteem with that of Handel, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn and Schumann. That it stands there still to-day may be true; but less of it is heard; the Schubert repertory has diminished of late in every branch, and, worst of all, since German ceased to be heard in our concert-rooms, his beautiful songs, like those of Schumann and Brahms, have become conspicuous by their absence. This is for every reason much to be deplored. There have been "crazes" in this country for the music of Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Gounod, and Wagner, but never, so far as we are aware, for that of Schubert. All the greater reason why it should maintain a steady and abiding place in the hearts of the English people.

To the younger generation of concert-goers Schubert is chiefly familiar through half-a-dozen of his chamber works, the 'Rosamunde' music and the 'Unfinished' symphony—no more. Quite as an exception, and a very welcome one, the great symphony in C was included in the programme of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concert last Saturday. This posthumous masterpiece, which belongs to the year of Schubert's death, was first heard at the Crystal Palace in 1856 and performed there no fewer than twenty-two times between that year and 1895, an average, say, of once in every two years. To-day it is regarded almost in the light of a novelty. It was originally known as 'No. 9,' but Grove always declared that Schubert wrote ten symphonies and that the ninth was lost. Hence he insisted on calling the C major 'No. 10,' and so described it in the article on Schubert in his 'Dictionary.' He may have been wrong; but now the writer of the analytical notes for Queen's Hall gives it as 'No. 7,' a proceeding for which we find no justification whatever, seeing that the 'Unfinished' has always been known as 'No. 8,' and the previous symphony to that (in MS.) was completed by the late John Francis Barnett and performed as 'No. 7' at the Crystal Palace in May, 1883, and again in the following season. However, this question is of quite secondary importance so long as the splendid 'Ninth' is occasionally brought to a hearing. It was unfortunate that Sir Henry Wood should have been too unwell to conduct it on Saturday; for the performance, creditable as it was to Mr. Frank Bridge at such short notice, lacked the delicacy, *finesse*, and wealth of contrast so well remembered in that which August Manns used to give at the Palace. Yet it was listened to with pleasure, and we are bound to add that, after the inordinate length of more modern specimens to which we have grown accustomed, the famous *longueurs* of this beautiful symphony seemed altogether to have disappeared. For the rest of the concert, let it suffice to say that M. Arthur de Graef gave an admirable display of virtuosity in Saint Saëns's pianoforte concerto, 'No. 5 in F'; while Miss Felice Lyne struggled energetically with the difficulties of the Mad Scene from Ambrose Thomas's 'Hamlet.'

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## LIBRARY TABLE

FIFTY YEARS OF GOLF. By Horace G. Hutchinson. (Country Life Library, 10s. 6d. net.) Mr. Hutchinson always writes well on sport, but he is bound to be at a disadvantage when he has to talk about his own achievements on the links—how he beat this man, and succumbed to that, and the state of his nerves, or other circumstances, trivial to the ordinary person, which afflict the golfer. It is always better when somebody else can explain how well you have played. Matches fought over once more in print leave us a little cold.

Still, there are plenty of handsome tributes here to other players of great fame, Mr. John Ball in particular. We note the rise of a small boy into a famous amateur or professional, and the various changes in the game and its implements. The old ball and the new are different; greens are much more elaborately tended than they were; and America and the Channel Islands—to say nothing of many places in England thirty years ago innocent of golf—have made great reputations. *Punch*, says Mr. Hutchinson, had his first golfing joke in 1886. The fads and freak clubs of players are amusing. A new club is often an inspiration, and we have heard of a player who, frequently in despair over getting the ball into the hole, had acquired over 100 putters. In 1888 Mr. Hutchinson "played the most wonderful shot in the world." He pitched a ball high over a ridge to the place where he thought the green was. He lost it, and it turned up in the pocket of a spectator, who only thought he felt a tug on his coat. Another golfer is mentioned as playing a drive into the coat pocket of a Scottish Lord of Session, which was quite a painful shot. The present writer can add a third freak shot even more wonderful. Some thirty years since he, sadly off the line, drove a ball into the trouser pocket of an onlooker, and it did



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no harm, as it spent its force in getting to the bottom of its lair. Some stories of the old type of caddie reveal his sense of his own importance, and his cunning. Mr. Hutchinson, playing at St. Andrews, was surprised and shocked to hear this hint for the confusion of his opponent, "Let us walk out pretty smartly after the ba', sir. Mr. Lamb canna' bear to be hurried."

Duncan last year probably lost a championship by failing at a left-handed shot. We are rather surprised that players who have to take the game very seriously do not cultivate a little ambidexterity. We read here of Bob Kirk winning a match with a left-handed spoon which he had added to his right-handed lot of clubs. Even this precaution is not necessary, for we have used a club with two faces which will suit either hand, and have upset our opponents by the sinister application of it.

We have one complaint to make of Mr. Hutchinson. Having been at the centre of golf for many a long year, he writes a book which may well be referred to as authoritative in the future, and supplies no index to it. A veteran who can handle a pen as well as a golf club should have seen to such a detail.

'ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN SCLAVONIC LITERATURE,' by Paul Selver (Kegan Paul, 5s. net). The making of an anthology from another tongue necessitates a wide range of reading, a definite taste in its compiler, and considerable ability as a translator, especially when, as in this case, the selection is made from half a dozen different languages, and into prose and verse. The merits of the translation must in general be taken on trust, but the choice of passages seems admirably to express not only the general Slav characteristics common to the race, but also the particular features which time and circumstances have imprinted on its various branches. We can congratulate Mr. Selver on the happy choice which has made them at the same time interesting and typical. The latter part of the volume is occupied by verse renderings, some few of which are already familiar to those interested in modern Russian poetry. We are especially glad of some extracts from Shvetchenko which have all the Cossack note, and of the tragic intensity of Bezruc. Irony does not carry over so well in verse; much of it depends on the use of individual words and locutions we should think in Klastersky, but we have at any rate an idea of a celebrated book. Mr. Selver has with great skill preserved not only the sense, but the metre of the original. His introduction presents a useful guide to the distribution of the various Slav languages and their recent history. Anthropology has shown that there are very considerable proto-Slav elements even in our own population which may make it easier for us to understand the feelings of the modern Slav; at any rate we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Selver for the way in which he has presented them to us.

'RIDERS OF THE PLAINS,' by A. L. Haydon (Melrose, 5s. net) is a very complete and interesting account of the history of the Royal North-West Mounted Police of Canada from 1873 to 1918. This valuable work is now in its seventh impression, and is for the first time issued in a cheap form, amply illustrated with photographs, maps, and diagrams. It is a record of thrilling adventure and dangerous duty performed in a spirit of soldierly simplicity; its interest for every lover of Empire is indubitable.

We have received from the S.P.C.K. two additional volumes of their series of Translations of Early Documents, 'Jewish Documents of the time of Ezra,' translated from the Aramaic by Bodley's Librarian, Dr. Cowley (4s. 6d. net), and 'The Sayings of the Jewish Fathers'—the Pirke Aboth—translated by Dr. W. O. E. Oesterley (5s. net). We need not dilate upon the importance of the former of these volumes, as showing the popular religion and the manners and customs of the Jews at the time of the dispersion from first-hand contemporary evidence. Documents rolled up and sealed B.C. 471, and only reopened in 1904 at Oxford, have an especial interest for scholars and students of the past, religious and secular. Dr. Cowley, in his introduction, extracts much valuable information for both classes, and we are deeply grateful to him for one of the most valuable aids to our knowledge of the development of the religion of Judaism. The Pirke Aboth, on the other hand, presents to us Judaism at the highest point of its spiritual development, the source in which primitive Christianity had its roots, and by which it was moulded. The sayings of which the book is composed are culled from the lips of several hundred rabbis; sixty-five of them are named. The chief among them are Simeon the Just, Hillel, Shammai, Gamaliel, Jochanan ben Zakkai, and the first compiler of the 'Mishna,' Jehudah ha-Nasi. The book is worthy of the fame of its editor, one of the first of living Biblical scholars, and all students of the history of our religion will join in our expression of thanks to editors and publisher alike.

We have also received from the S.P.C.K. two volumes in their series of Translations of Christian Literature. 'The Treatise of Novatian on the Trinity,' by Herbert Moore (6s. net), a document dating from the middle of the third century, by a writer who founded the Novatianists, condemned as heretical on what now seem insufficient grounds, and 'The Pilgrimage of Etheria,' (4s. net), a Spanish abess of the 4th century who visited the Holy Places, and has left us a record of much importance both topographically and liturgically, translated and edited by Mrs. McClure and Dr. Feltoe. In this narrative we find that Christmas was then kept on January 6th, that Lent lasted eight weeks, that Prime and Compline had not been introduced into the Daily Offices, and that the hour for the Eucharist was 3 p.m. The narrative is a most interesting one, and the editor's introduction is a valuable study of the fragment that is left to us, only discovered in 1887.

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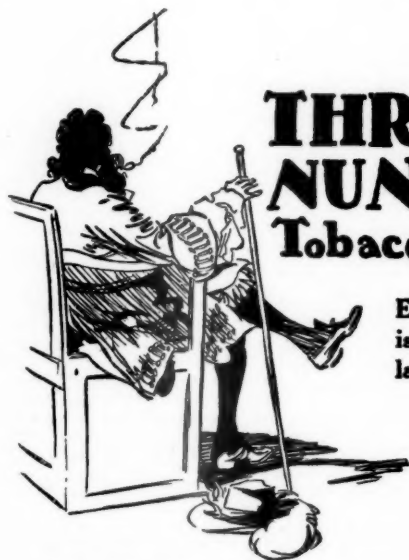
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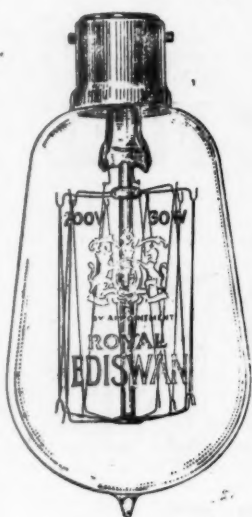
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## MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

## BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Victor Hugo's Works Edition de Luxe, 10 vols., half morocco, £6 6s.; Thackeray's Works, illus., Harry Furniss, 20 vols., £5 5s.; George Eliot's Novels, 7 vols., half calf, gilt, £4 10s.; George Borrow's Works, 6 vols., half calf, gilt, £3 10s.; Frank Harris Life of Oscar Wilde, 2 vols., £2 2s.; Nineteen Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s. Oscar Wilde's Works, hand-made paper edition, very scarce, 14 vols., £25; Studio Magazine, 75 vols., in parts, £17 17s.; Balzac's Droll Stories, illus., 11s.; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11s.; Ballads Weird and Wonderful, with 25 drawings by Vernon Hill, 9s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2 2s.; Memoirs of Harriette Wilson, coloured plates, 2 vols., 21s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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## MOTOR NOTES

A little recognised but most valuable work regularly carried on by the Royal Automobile Club is that in connection with the improvement of hotels. Quite unostentatiously, but very effectively, the R.A.C. has long been striving to re-establish the hotel service of the country on a general basis satisfactory to motorists and other hotel users. Usually the representations made by the Club to hotel proprietors are very cordially received, but in some cases an extraordinary resentment is shown to adopting the reasonable suggestions put forward for the mutual benefit of hotel keepers and their clients. It is in connection with the obstructive element that most of the good work is accomplished, for the Club makes the utmost effort to secure the right facilities for motorists wherever it sees that these are in any way lacking. As instancing the ready co-operation of hotel keepers with R.A.C. ideals might be mentioned the case of a gentleman who recently consulted the Club about the opening of new premises. Knowing that a good hotel was urgently wanted in that part of the touring district in view, the Club impressed upon the prospective hotel proprietor exactly what was required by motorists in the particular locality. The gentleman in question very readily fell in with the R.A.C. suggestions, and after he had opened the hotel the Club were soon able to announce to members concerned the highly satisfactory manner in which it was being conducted.

At the other end of the scale might be mentioned the case of a well-known hotel in a favourite touring county. In pre-war days R.A.C. members found this establishment very satisfactory, but, having recently passed into the hands of a new proprietress, it was

soon observed that affairs there had changed for the worse. The Club, anxious to maintain the good name of the hotel and to provide motorists with the required local facilities, made representations to the lady concerned. These, however, were received almost in a spirit of hostility. The hotel proprietress apparently entirely failed to recognise the impartiality of the R.A.C. in the matter and the common good for which it was striving. Happily such obstructive tactics are not frequently experienced by the Club, but when they are it does not fail to advise members to steer clear of such autocratic hotel keepers.

Discussing current motoring problems with one of the chiefs of the R.A.C. staff the other day, we were told of another matter of wide importance to motorists. The legal department of the Club is just now inundated with summonses for various motoring offences which members are anxious to have defended. Difficult points of law are constantly being dealt with by this department, and a very large amount of correspondence and negotiations is being disposed of. In handling these matters, and also in connection with the working of the "Get-you-Home" Scheme, the officials of the R.A.C. have lately been very much impressed by the fact that quite a considerable proportion of motorists still neglect to insure against third party risks, damage and theft. During the past few weeks the assistance of the Club's legal department has been sought in resisting a large number of claims by third parties in respect of damage done by members' cars to persons or property, and on taking the matter up the Club has found that these risks have not been insured against. It is certainly difficult to imagine any wise motorist neglecting to take the elementary precaution of fully covering himself, his passengers and his car under some such policy as that provided by the R.A.C. itself.

### What they have said

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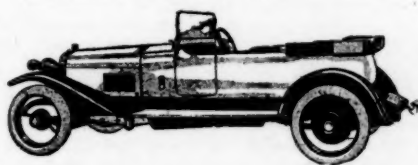
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## FICTION IN BRIEF

'LIVING ALONE,' by Stella Benson (Macmillan, 6s. net), is another fantasy, going deep into the roots of our present-day malaise. The Witch comes to a committee of the type of all committees and brings the discontent in each of them to the surface so that one after the other sets out to visit her in the house of Living Alone. Their adventures are recounted with insight and sympathy even when they enter the region of the wildly improbable, and one feels refreshed by the inner remoteness of the dweller alone. It is a book to dally over and reflect on.

'SEPTEMBER,' by Frank Swinnerton (Methuen, 7s. net) is a story of a man between two women, one his wife just in the late summer of life, the other a young girl entering on womanhood. The battle between these women for love, and their attraction for each other, recur in a succession of dramatic episodes of powerful intensity and end in comparative triumph for both—in the elder of the two over herself as well as those around her. The book is one that almost any English novelist might have been proud to write.

'UP, THE REBELS,' by George A. Birmingham (Methuen, 7s. net) is another of those disconcerting criticisms of Irish life and English government which illuminate the difficulties of affairs in the distressful country. As one reads it through, one is struck by the remarkable similarities of the Irish and the Russian peasant before the fall of the Empire, and by the way in which each of them reacts on the governing classes. The fact that the book is as amusing as any of its predecessors, even 'Spanish Gold' or 'The Search Party,' seems merely incidental, but it must be mentioned, and poor Sir Ulick Conolly may be at the same time commiserated with and congratulated on his daughter and his sister, both of them unmistakeably true to Irish life.

'THE LAST OF THE GRENVILLES,' by Bennet Copplestone (Murray, 7s. net), is another of the stirring tales of our Navy before and during the great war. The hero is a nice English boy, the son of a retired Navy man who wanted his son to be a good landsman, but fate was against the scheme and the boy went to sea, fought another battle of the "Revenge" in the South Seas, and survived to take part in the Jutland fight and to be recovered alive by the Armistice. No one who has read one of Mr. Copplestone's books will allow another of them to pass him unread.

'PAID OUT,' by J. Percival Bessell (Sampson Low, 6s. net) is the story of how a City stockbroker in difficulties attempts to steal a valuable diamond from an old friend and in the attempt poisons him and hides the body in a safe. At once his difficulties begin: suspicion is aroused, he has to leave England to sell the diamond, and to return for the same purpose. At last he is detected, and a fairly obvious solution of all the problems of the book is provided.

'THE SEVENTH VIAL,' by Frederick Sleath (Jenkins, 6s. net) tells the story of a flight command on the Western Front in the last year of the war. We can recommend it to those who wish to form a picture of the life and the more serious thoughts of the youths who did so much for our success. Mr. Sleath has a real power of presentation.

'THE BLACK STONE,' by George Gibbs (Appleton, 7s. net) describes the adventures of a young American millionaire who was drawn into the war a year before America came in. He innocently lets a German spy loose in Egypt whose mission is to raise the Moslem to revolt by exhibiting the real black stone of the Kaabah at Mecca, and who incidentally abducts the millionaire's sweetheart. It is a quite respectable specimen of this kind of story.

'THE FAIRY MAN,' by L. Cope Cornford (Dent, 6s. net), is a charming fantasy wherein an ordinary English family find themselves, under the auspices of a benevolent fairy man, transported one by one into the England of the Mort d'Arthur: The adventures they meet with there materially affect their future when they step back into real life, and encourage them to an enterprise which leads their father into a more congenial sphere of activity. We repeat that it is a charming fantasy of quite uncommon merit, and we recommend it heartily to benevolent donors of gift books.

'A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS,' by P. G. Wodehouse (Jenkins, 6s. net), is a very amusing story by an American humorist which only betrays its Transatlantic origin in a few locutions. George Bevan, composer of half-a-dozen musical comedies, shelters a young lady in his taxi, and knocks off the hat of her brother who is in pursuit of her. Thence arises a comedy of errors which involves the lady, her father, a British earl, and his family. It is among the best of recent light literature.

'A WIND FROM THE WILDERNESS,' by Mary Gaunt (Werner Laurie, 7s. net) is an unusually fine novel, covering quite untouched ground in recent fiction. Her pictures of life and adventure in the Far West of China are unrivalled, but the most striking are those of the Arctic wastes of Tibet where the two principal characters are parted and in search of each other. The story ends in the North Sea on a high note of self-devotion. It is a book which stands out in the memory of the reader as a fine achievement.

'THE HILLS OF DESIRE,' by R. A. Maher (Macmillan, 6s. net) is the story of the meeting and parting and meeting again of two over-sensitive but very nice New Yorkers, a boarding-house keeper's daughter and a journalist. They marry, almost under force of circumstances, and later on are driven to seek health in a long caravan tour, they part through an error of judgment and a misunderstanding, and meet again in a bombed hospital tent. It is a book to buy and read.

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## THE CITY

The ratification of the Peace Treaty has had no traceable effect upon financial markets except to arouse apprehensions of liquidations from Germany of international stocks as soon as the restrictions preventing the sale of "enemy-held" securities are removed. The Stock Exchange is enjoying unprecedented activity, and the pressure of work in brokers' and jobbers' offices, coupled with the technical difficulties attaching to the "cash" system of dealings, is causing serious delays in the delivery of securities. Suggestions for the resumption of fortnightly settlements and the revival of the Stock Exchange clearing-house have been discounted by the Committee because a fortnight's latitude in regard to payment for, and delivery of, stock would encourage speculation; but the inauguration of weekly settlements in place of the present elastic system of cash dealings is being seriously considered. Yet it is doubtful whether weekly settlements through the clearing-house would sensibly relieve the congestion in the present state of business activity.

The approaching maturity of £141,000,000 of Exchequer Bonds has aroused conjectures as to the Government's immediate borrowing policy. The desirability of resuming the issue of bonds on the lines of the National War Bonds by continuous sale "on tap" at the Bank of England has been urged in this column. The flotation of a public loan to meet the Exchequer Bonds now falling due would be an untimely piecemeal expedient. On the other hand, to pay off the Bonds by temporary borrowing on Ways and Means advances is reprehensible, because that form of financing is one of the most objectionable causes of inflation of credit and currency. The continuous sale of ten-year bonds would be a course between the two extremes.

That the total of the tenders for £8,000,000 of French Government sterling Treasury bills offered in London should have amounted to only £1,240,000 is a commentary on prospective money market conditions rather than a reflection upon French financial credit. The uncertain economic conditions in France may have had some influence on the attitude of bill buyers, but opinions in regard to the course of money rates in the next six and twelve months were a more patent factor.

Hopes of holders of Mexican Government securities have been revived by the visit of Mexican Government's representatives to this country. The first essentials to a rehabilitation of Mexico's finances are the recognition of the Mexican Government by the British Government and a recognition by the Mexican Government of its financial liabilities to foreign bondholders. Also there must be co-operation between the British and American Governments and bankers. Whether or not the present discussions lead to an immediate arrangement, it is clear that reorganisation cannot be indefinitely postponed. Mexico is a land of enormous natural resources, and fully capable of supporting its national debt without the imposition of excessive taxation. The oilfields alone provide security and revenue of a very substantial character, to say nothing of the resources in precious metals and of the possibilities of commercial prosperity which will be opened up when political and financial responsibility is established and an honest desire and intention to rebuild the financial credit of the country are displayed.

Some time may yet elapse before Mexican bondholders' hopes of resumed dividends are consummated. Arrangements for the funding of arrears of interest and the reorganisation of capital will involve careful negotiation. The rise in quotations a week ago was too rapid and lacked discrimination. It was ridiculous that Mexican Tramways Common stock should be quoted higher than the Second Debentures of the same company and that Mexican Light and Power Preference should be standing at the same level as the Second Debentures. In most instances the junior stocks are high

in relation to the senior securities and speculators should examine price-lists and prospects carefully before buying. It should be borne in mind also that Germany was a considerable holder of certain Mexican securities, and liquidation from that quarter is a probability to be taken into account.

The shares of the New Egyptian Company have risen from 23s. to 39s. in the last three weeks, which is not surprising, seeing the splendid prices at which they have been selling their lands lately. The Egyptians have made so much money out of their cotton crops that they are tumbling over one another to buy land in the fertile Delta. The New Egyptian Company has recently concluded a deal for the purchase of a fine new estate, so that the shares are not overpriced: indeed, they may go higher. All the buying has come from Egypt, which is a good sign.

The £1 shares of the St. Madeleine Sugar Company have risen to £7 7s. 6d. recently; but they are worth much more. Although the sugar crop for 1920 has been sold to the British Government at lower prices than now prevail, this could not have been foreseen, and on the sugar alone the company must earn a very high dividend this year. With regard to the oil property negotiations are on foot for its development, and if the lands prove to be anything like as petroliferous as the neighbouring properties, the shares will go to a very high price indeed.

The bounding activity of the Oil share market represents a very large turnover of money at the high prices now ruling for such shares as Shells, Mexican Eagles, Burmahs and Royal Dutch. The Shell-Burmah demand is based mainly upon anticipations of bonus issues and Mesopotamian developments, while the buoyancy of Mexican Eagles is partly founded upon increasing evidence of the prolific nature of the Company's properties, and is partly due to "pool" manipulation by wealthy speculators. Common prudence would suggest that the rise will not continue indefinitely, and that the time is approaching, if it has not already arrived, when profits should be secured; but orthodox rules seem to be curiously out of date in present market conditions.

Amalgamations of industrial and of insurance companies follow so rapidly one after another that it is difficult to keep pace with them. Brunner, Mond and Co. have at last made their definite offer for absorption of the Castner, Kellner Alkali Company and at least one other similar fusion—perhaps on a smaller scale—is being negotiated. The British Glass Company—one of the Commercial Bank of London's interests—is consolidating the glass manufacturing business of the whole country. The Guardian Assurance Company is absorbing the Legal and General, and other insurance fusions are expected. Harrods (Buenos Ayres) Stores will sooner or later take over Gath and Chaves, while in Kensington, Barkers have bought, Derry and Toms. In all directions competition is being eliminated, and the cost of living continues to rise.

Only a few weeks ago the Rhondda-Berry group and its associates secured control of John Lysaght, Ltd., the iron and steel manufacturers. The new management immediately capitalised the reserves, thus largely increasing the capital, and the shares came on the market at about 50s. each. Now Guest, Keen and Co. are buying control of the company by an exchange of shares on a basis equivalent to about 67s. each. This represents a quick profit for the Berry group and a rapid expansion of capital values.

This sort of expansion—some old-fashioned people call it inflation—is going on in many directions. There is talk of many mergers in the motor car industry. Shareholders in Palmer Shipbuilding Company have received a circular advising them not to sell their shares, which suggests that some group or other is seeking to purchase control. On all sides trade expansion is being accompanied by a large output of "finance."

## BRITISH BURMAH PETROLEUM CO.

Presiding on 13th inst. at the adjourned ninth ordinary general meeting of the British Burmah Petroleum Co., Ltd., held at the Cannon Street Hotel, the Hon. Lionel Holland said that the balance of profit on the twelve months' working was some £131,400 as against £96,550 in the previous year. The final dividend recommended of 1s. per share made a dividend payment for the complete year's working at the rate of 17½ per cent., free of income-tax, as against 12½ per cent. for 1918. Their gross production of crude oil—the combined production of that company and the Rangoon Oil Company—was 910,759 barrels for the twelve months under review, as against 883,997 barrels in 1918, and 809,176 barrels in 1917. Their output throughout at the refinery was larger by some 4,000,000 gallons, and he trusted that this would be exceeded during the current year. Their sales of kerosene were something over 16,500,000 gallons, as against 15,500,000 gallons in 1918, and they had shipped over 17,900 tons of benzine as against 12,300, whilst their shipments of wax had been augmented by over 1,400 tons. In spite of adverse factors the directors had every reason to believe that the results of the current year's working would again show an improvement over those of the year under review, and would record a further step in advance in the fortunes of the company. Referring to the proposed issue of new capital, the Chairman stated that when the whole issue was taken up the working capital of the company would be increased by well over £500,000. They had taken an interest in a syndicate which was now examining certain eastern territories, which Messrs. John Taylor and Sons secured the opportunity of inspecting. It was too early to make any definite statement concerning the work that the syndicate had been engaged upon during the past twelve months and more, except that, judging from the reports already received, it gave promise of favourable results, such as if confirmed, should prove beneficial to the future of the company.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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